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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Japanese armies have won no spectacular victories during the past week. The Chinese still occupy Nanking, emptied of a great part of the civilian population and of Ministers and Government officials, who have retired to a position of greater safety. But in place of the earlier determination to defend it to the last there are now doubts about the expediency of any such heroic stand, and it seems likely that Nanking will be abandoned unless the Chinese can hold the Wusih–Kiangyin line. That they will be able to do that is very questionable, weakened as they have been by the heavy casualties they have suffered in the recent battles round Shanghai—casualties estimated at a figure of over a quarter of a million. China's main hope now appears to lie in guerilla tactics, which may prove an effective check on any further substantial advance of the Japanese, and might presently make it difficult for them to hold what they have got.

Words and Deeds

The Nine-Power Conference at Brussels, having agreed to do nothing in the Far East, has now decided to adjourn *sine die*. It was evident almost from the start of the proceedings that both the British and the American Governments were averse to imposing sanctions on Japan, and that in these circumstances the outcome could only be pious resolutions. Mr. Wellington Koo not unnaturally regards the final resolution of the Conference as impious; it is, as he protests, no more than a reaffirmation of general principles. The Japanese, for their part, are not in the least disturbed by the disapproval of the Western Powers. They are in occupation of Shanghai, and have been even prompter than we expected in demanding the substance as well as the shadow of control over the International Settlement. Not only have the Chinese been bundled out of their administrative offices, and their newspapers and various other organisations suppressed. Foreign interests and property in the Settlement are threatened, and indeed more than threatened. It is ominous reading that "the commander of the British garrison is arranging personally to conduct British owners on visits to their houses during the coming week-end with the co-operation of the Japanese," while the Swedish Minister complains that, in spite of his protests to the Japanese authorities, "his house at Shanghai has been entered for the fourth or fifth time by Japanese soldiers, who pilfered various articles and broke windows."

The Spanish War

There has been talk again of the possibility of a truce in Spain. All such rumours, whatever credence they may find abroad, are scoffed at in Republican Spain. The war will go on, it is said—it may be for a couple of years yet. The morale on the Government side is good; the new army is confident of its powers of defence, though it is unable to embark on any big offensive movement owing to inferiority in the air arm. There is no present sign of a push by the rebels (unless the bombardment of Madrid on Wednesday preludes an attack); but a campaign in the south is regarded as possible, directed in particular at Jaen and Almaden, whose mercury mines would be eminently useful to Germany and Italy. The Non-Intervention Committee, meanwhile, is no further advanced with its plan for the withdrawal of volunteers. The private arrangement between the British Government and General Franco, on the other hand, is nearly complete. The notification of the Duke of Alba's appointment as his "agent" in London is expected at any moment. As some sort of a set-off to this, Mr. Leche, our Chargé d'Affaires at Barcelona, has been given the "local rank of Minister Plenipotentiary."

America's Slump Unstemmed

With Congress absorbed by the problems of agricultural legislation and the President distracted by an aching tooth, there has been no development at Washington—save for the news that definite negotiations for an Anglo-American tariff pact will soon begin—calculated to arrest the slump in U.S. industry. Already production has declined since August by about half as much as it did in the course of the whole 1929–32 crisis. Details are still awaited of the Administration's plans to stimulate private enterprise in housing; and though the Taxation Committee of the House is apparently in favour of modifying the undistributed profits tax in favour of the small business, the chances of any tax revision during the present session seem remote. Despite Presidential insistence that the forces of private capital must be encouraged to recreate prosperity, Mr. Douglas of the Securities and Exchange Commission is threatening Wall Street with the terrors of further regimentation. As for the battle with the power trusts, whose background is examined in a later article in this issue, Mr. Roosevelt's conferences with leading power company executives have begun, but with results unlikely so far to convince the utilities that they can safely go ahead with projects of re-equipment and expansion. The President appears to have predicted in his talks with the utilities' spokesmen that Government competition will not exceed its present limits, but it seems doubtful whether much headway was made in discussing the future basis for the private companies' charges. Meanwhile the wheels have slowed down so far that reversal of the trend may be, at best, a matter of many months.

The Coal Bill

Parliament has begun its debates upon the Coal Bill. But, for the future of this measure, what is said outside Parliament may be more important than speeches in the Commons. The colliery owners, who originally professed neutrality, have now joined the royalty owners in opposition to the Bill as a whole, partly no doubt because they are accustomed to opposing everything, but also partly because of their dislike of the clauses dealing with compulsory amalgamations—hedged round as these are with restrictions. Moreover, the large colliery undertakings which have bought the land they are working under are very hostile to having their ownership of the minerals replaced by a lease. In Parliament the opposition from the coal and colliery interests has barely yet shown its hand; and the Labour Party has been left to make the running, with demands for reduced compensation to royalty owners and the application of surplus funds to provide retiring pensions for miners, and also, of course, with the argument that the whole industry ought to be brought under public ownership. The Labour Party, however, wants not to defeat the Bill, but to amend it, whereas the real opposition comes from the vested interests, and is entrenched very strongly in the House of Lords. Wrecking amendments will certainly be moved, in the hope of so altering the Bill that it will have to be withdrawn like last year's draft, and of thus persuading the Government of the wisdom of letting ill alone.

The Distressed Areas

Sir George Gillett, in his report on the Special Areas, is very insistent on the need for recognising some degree of public responsibility for the location of industry, and for measuring economic activities in terms of value to the public and not merely "in relation to the profit and loss account of the individual concern." He supports the proposal of the Import Duties Advisory Committee that there should be an independent body able to pass judgment, from the standpoint of public interest, on the doings of the Iron and Steel Federation, and expresses the hope that "similar recognition of the need for considering major industrial change from a social and national angle will be extended to other large industries in the near future." That, as the saying goes, is hoping. As for the position in the Special Areas, the Commissioner is able to record considerable improvement during the past year. Unemployment has fallen, and transference has begun to slacken off. In 1936 hardly any new factories were started in these areas; but this year there have been a number, in addition to those built or building on the new Trading Estates. Moreover, Sir George holds that, while rearmament has helped, it has not been solely, or even mainly, responsible for the improvement, which is largely based on the growth of new light industries. In the matter of finance the Report records commitments of nearly £13,000,000, including loans, and an actual expenditure of £4 millions. Sir David Hay presents a similar report for the Scottish Special Areas, which, unlike the English, are increasing in population owing to the greater difficulties of transference to more prosperous districts.

Trade Unions and the Law

The proposed amalgamation between the Shop Assistants' Union and the National Union of Distributive and Allied Workers has broken down, as so many similar Trade Union schemes have broken down before, through the failure to get enough members to vote for the requirements of the law to be met. In this case, both Unions voted by very large majorities in favour of the amalgama-

ion scheme; but not enough of the members of the Shop Assistants' Union went to the trouble of voting at all. It may be argued that it is a Trade Union's own fault if it cannot get its members to record their votes over so important an issue, and that it is right for the law to prevent amalgamations from being carried through by the vote of an unrepresentative minority. But for societies with a widely scattered membership running into many thousands, and with no system of house-to-house collection of dues, it is often very difficult indeed to secure a 50 per cent. vote of the total membership on the books. Up to 1917, when the Trade Union Amalgamation Act now in force was passed, the requirements were even more stringent; and it has been said that no big amalgamation could ever have been carried through without some manipulation of the votes. To-day, the law remains most unsatisfactory, and in need for further amendment. The two Unions have announced their intention of working amicably together despite the failure to amalgamate; this is good, as far as it goes, but it will not prevent unnecessary duplication of officials and work. We are pleased to see that the Co-operative Wholesale Society has now agreed to arbitration on its wage dispute with the group of Trade Unions organising its non-manual staffs —of which the S.A.U. and the N.U.D.A.W. are the most important.

Distributive Trade Wages

An agreement of great importance was signed this week at the Ministry of Labour between the Shop Assistants' Union and the United Kingdom Association of Multiple Shop Proprietors. The result will be immediate wage increases for some 70,000 employees—bringing the total covered by collective agreement up to 95,000. Unfortunately, there remains a host of workers in the distributive industry who are uncovered by any agreement, and it is deplorable that another big body of employers, the National Federation of Grocers' and Provision Dealers' Associations, should refuse to negotiate with the Union. This attitude, based on the determination to take advantage of "cheap labour," is repugnant alike to the Trade Unions and to the better employers, and both the parties to the present agreement demanded "statutory action." That means in plain language the establishment of a Trade Board for the industry, and we gather that Mr. Leggett, speaking for the Ministry of Labour, agreed in principle. What is there to prevent principle being turned into practice? Opposition, of course, there will be, as there has been to the setting up of other Trade Boards; but if the Minister of Labour chooses to take the necessary action (he already has the power under Act of Parliament) he will have the backing of a strong section in the trade as well as of the great mass of public opinion outside.

The Croydon Epidemic

Following the Bournemouth epidemic of 1935, the outbreak of typhoid at Croydon comes as a disturbing reminder that, despite the organisation, national and municipal, of health services, articles of general consumption (in this case, apparently, water) may still be invaded by undetected infection. Lord Dawson of Penn and Sir Kaye Le Fleming, the Chairman of the British Medical Association, have rightly emphasised, in a letter to the *Times*, the need for greater co-operation between the public and private branches of the medical profession in the event of an epidemic. As to the causes of the present outbreak and the question whether responsibility can be attached to any branch of administration, it would be improper to speculate in advance of the public inquiry's findings. The inquiry, we trust, will be prompt and searching. The public is entitled to learn, not merely in the case of Croydon, but with regard to the country as a whole, how frequently tests of public water supplies are made, and whether the tests are bacteriological or simply chemical. In the latter case they are less costly but, for the detection of typhoid, ineffective. The powers given to Medical Officers of Health to supervise the operations of Water Boards in the absence of detected infection also seem to call for investigation.

The T.U.C. and the Scientists

The Trades Union Congress General Council held on Tuesday a dinner to which it invited a number of leading scientists, in preparation for the establishment of its proposed Scientific Advisory Council. There was a distinguished response, and the attendance included such men as Sir John Orr, Sir Richard Gregory, and Professors Blackett, Hogben and Haldane, as well as Messrs. Bevin and Elvin and their colleagues representing the T.U.C. Mr. Bevin is well known to have been the originator of the scheme, as a part of the wider move to broaden the basis of the Trade Union movement by strengthening its appeal to the professional and black-coated workers. Of course, the idea of collaboration between Labour and scientists is by no means new. Ever since 1918 at any rate distinguished scientists and other professional men have sat on various Advisory Committees of the Labour Party; and the Trade Unions and the T.U.C. have often called in such men to help them over particular questions, such as industrial health and fatigue, or the medical aspects of Workmen's Compensation and factory legislation. But Mr. Bevin has now a good deal more than this in view. He is aiming at persuading as many professional bodies as possible to affiliate to the Congress, and at entering into agreements for collaboration with others which will not actually join. And he has in mind broadening the basis of the T.U.C.'s programme and appeal as well as of its membership, by bringing such matters as nutrition and public hygiene more scientifically under review.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will contain a Christmas Books Supplement. There will be a short story by Ethel Wilson, a poem by Stephen Spender, and special reviews of Christmas books for readers of all ages by Richard Hughes, Arthur Marshall, Elizabeth Bowen, Alan Pryce Jones, H. E. Bates, K. John, E. G. Boulenger, Graham Bell, Aylmer Vallance, V. S. Pritchett, Kingsley Martin and Christopher St. John.

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A TALK WITH HITLER

ONLY one item in Hitler's conversation with Lord Halifax is known with certainty. We know the substance of his colonial proposals because he repeated them in a public speech almost immediately afterwards. He repeated his claim to restitution of the German overseas empire, suggested that we should be used to the idea next year and willing to give up our stolen property without fighting for it in six years from now. For the first time Hitler has shown some understanding of British psychology; perhaps Lord Halifax explained that we were peculiarly deaf to shouted threats, but afflicted with consciences that had constantly troubled us ever since the Treaty of Versailles and that we were so anxious to avoid war with Germany that we might someday even be willing to cede territory if the sacrifice seemed necessary to peace. In any case, there was an improvement in the manner of Hitler's colonial demand and since it avoids any immediate threat it was, no doubt, represented by him as a diplomatic concession on a point which might, if pressed, have divided and embarrassed the Conservative Party.

Beyond this we know nothing in detail. With the French Ministers arriving next week to discuss Hitler's proposals, Mr. Chamberlain naturally refused information, confining himself to a clear statement that Lord Halifax's mission had gone no further than inquiry and had not committed this country in any way. Without the French there could not in the nature of the case be any "bargain" with Hitler; but bargain is in any case an offensive word, not to be used in diplomacy, and we are entitled to ask, in more correct phraseology, what avenues for European appeasement were explored by the two statesmen at Berchtesgarden.

The boldest list of Hitler's proposals ventured upon in the British press was to be found in last Wednesday's *Manchester Guardian*. According to this report, Hitler expressed his willingness to return to the League of Nations on condition that sanctions are withdrawn from the Covenant, that the League and the Treaty of Versailles are separated, the war-guilt clause rescinded, the "minority treaties" revised and Italian sovereignty in Abyssinia recognised. Britain is also asked to agree to an internal reorganisation of Czechoslovakia which would concede autonomy to the South German minority, and to dissociate herself altogether from giving any diplomatic, political or military help to Austria. Germany meanwhile would postpone her colonial claims for six years and help to restore peace in the Far East (whatever that means), and also in Spain on condition that Britain gives *de jure* recognition to General Franco's Government.

This summary probably represents more than the truth. It includes, we take it, all that Hitler's most optimistic advisers could hope to obtain from Britain. Hitler may not have thought it tactful to go so far. But when all allowances have been made for the nuances of diplomacy no one doubts that in broad outline the proposals listed by the *Manchester Guardian* were those put forward by the head of the German State. They accord with French information, with forecasts from well-informed quarters in Berlin, and finally, most important, with the programme of *Mein Kampf*, which is still treated as the Nazi bible in Germany and which has never in substance or in detail been withdrawn or modified by Hitler. In short, in spite of carefully phrased disclaimers, no one doubts that Hitler offered to come back to the League on the understanding that he has a free hand in the East and that the League does not in the future even pretend to be anything but a convenient centre in which Great Powers recognise each other's conquests of lesser Powers.

We see no reason for any cries of righteous indignation that Hitler should think the British Government likely to listen to such proposals. They are not, in terms of civilised society, tolerable proposals. They are the gangster's offer to the reformed burglar recently turned householder. To anyone who had hopes of introducing the first principles of justice, morality and law into the affairs of nations, the discussion of peace on such terms must bring bitter disillusion. But Manchuria, Abyssinia, Spain and the Brussels Conference this week are all sufficient evidence of the unwillingness of Sovereign States to consider in international affairs anything but their immediate interests. The democratic States have talked of pooled security, international justice, the rights of small nations and of minorities; they have done nothing to protect them. Hitler and Mussolini, with a contempt for squeamish consciences and diplomatic pretences, have smashed their way through with as little care for consequences as Frederick the Great showed in rather similar circumstances when he invaded Silesia two hundred years ago. To the Führer Britain's protestations seem as hypocritical as Maria Theresa's tears seemed to Frederick. "It is clear enough," Hitler says to us in effect, "that you have meant nothing by your fine phrases, that in fact you will do nothing except to save your own empire. Why not admit it? Join what the Duce and I call the Anti-Comintern Pact, which means the agreement to suppress ruthlessly everyone who entertains old-fashioned ideas of freedom, equality and internationalism, and at the same time, cease to be dogs-in-the-manger and let me have my share in the world's good things without making a fuss. If you will swallow your words—and I can't help it that you have foolishly guaranteed the independence of such silly little States as Czechoslovakia—and cease to encourage them and your other friends in Europe to oppose me, I won't go to war in the West where you'll have to fight, and I won't ask you to restore your colonies for a bit. You know quite well what I want. I wanted iron from North Spain, and I want oil in Rumania and the granaries of the Balkans and the prestige of conquest to satisfy a population which I can never be sure is altogether reconciled to my regime. Take my offer and you can have peace for your own empire, at least for several years to come. You won't be more humiliated by my expansion in the East than you have been by my friend, the Duce, in Africa and in Spain, and by my new friends, the Japanese, in Asia. Be fools and reject my offer, and I won't promise you not to set the whole of Europe on fire."

Put bluntly, it is not a pretty offer. But our past refusal to understand that our security and interest as well as the maintenance of international morality depended on fidelity to the Covenant has brought us to this pass. Some of Hitler's proposals may be bluff; we need not, for instance, fear war with Germany if we refuse to play the unpleasing part proposed to us in Spain. We wish on this point we could expect a blunt refusal by our Government. What we

should say in answer is fairly plain. We should first openly admit the wrongs done at Versailles, put on record what every historian admits, that war occurred in 1914 not primarily because of any particular nation's wickedness, but because war is the natural result of anarchy. Then, in regard to possible changes in Eastern Europe we should make it clear that we cannot quarrel with France, and that we cannot be parties to any modification that is not acceptable to the inhabitants of the countries in question. But there is something else we can do. We can make our own proposal, offering to share with Hitler those advantages which he believes we possess through our large ownership of raw materials and to examine with him, honestly and with a view to possible action, any proposals that he makes for the restitution of the mandated territories. His assumption is that Britain will sacrifice any interests except her own. The right reply is that we cannot be parties to the sacrifice of other people, but that, if there are ways of safeguarding native interests (which we do not always do very thoroughly ourselves) we do not cherish an overseas monopoly either of territory or of trade. Hitler, it may be said, would refuse such an offer. It may be so, but we should at least be on stronger ground for opposing his other demands. Again, it will be objected that he would accept all that we offer and then, according to the very nature of his regime, soon afterwards ask for more. To which the reply can only be that we should at least have done what we could for peace and perhaps bought a postponement in which the Nazi regime might be modified from within. Can anyone claim any better hope from any other policy?

Let us be clear about it. There were three possible policies in dealing with Nazi Germany. The first was to stand by the League, offer those peaceful changes which should have been granted years before to Stresemann and Brüning while making it clear that we should abide by the sanctions clause in the event of a breach of the Covenant. That solution—the only ultimate one, because the only one leading towards the establishment of an international authority—has been jettisoned. The alternatives now are to prepare to fight at once or to agree to concessions. The former means general suicide and is no one's choice, not even Hitler's. The remaining question is what kind of concessions to make. Hitler proposes, with a cynical eye on our recent history, that we should continue the process of selling the weak countries to the strong. Amongst other objections to this policy of keeping off wolves by throwing babies to them is that they grow fatter and stronger on the babies and that the supply of babies looks like giving out. In any case, it seems unnecessary to agree to this policy. We might at least first try an offer of some of those economic concessions which could be granted without shame and even with mutual advantage.

FRENCH MELODRAMA

CAGOULARDS, cagoulards, cagoulards. . . . Every time you talk to anybody in Paris the absurd word turns up. At the theatre the other night, they were playing an old-fashioned vaudeville in which the hero, in love with one of the boarders of a *pension de jeunes filles*, is caught by the schoolmistress climbing through the window. "Stop, you cagoulard!" Loud shrieks of joy from the audience. The word has had the effect of making the whole "armed plot" much funnier than it really is. The word *cagoulard* suggests secret meetings of hooded conspirators, looking like a French variety of the Ku-Klux-Klan. That such meetings have been taking place in the last year or so all over France is not in doubt; but there is not the slightest evidence that anybody was wearing a Ku-Klux-Klan outfit. However, the word *cagoulard* has helped to preserve the good humour of the average Frenchman.

I need not recall here all the details which have already been published in the daily press of the numerous discoveries made by the police in the course of last week. What provided the initial clue, according to the police, was the discovery of a trail of cartridges dropped by a lorry that had entered France from Switzerland. The greater part of the arms discovered in the private arsenals were of German and Italian make; and last Friday it looked, in the light of M. Chautemps' speech in the Chamber, as if a diplomatic incident of considerable gravity was inevitable. But the French Government, as we know from the whole history of "non-intervention." *n'aime pas les histoires*, as somebody remarked to me the other day; and although at the Chamber I heard with my own ears how M. Chautemps said: "Considering the origin of the arms, the whole matter may have in store some surprises of terrible gravity," the official verbatim report in the *Journal Officiel* was watered down to almost nothing. Perhaps M. Chautemps thought that he had spoken a little too early, and that he had better have all the threads of his evidence carefully assembled before creating an international incident; but it is also possible that he may refrain, in any case, from causing such an "incident"—though, heaven knows, he already seems to have a great deal to go on. But, after all, there seems little doubt that as early as September the French Government definitely knew that the Italian Embassy in Paris was involved in the Rue de Presbourg bombing affair; but that it preferred, "for international reasons," not to say anything. Even to M. de Kerillis, who could not be accused of being anti-Fascist, the "hand of Germany" is not in doubt; and he does not hesitate to say that "the agents of Berlin are actually far more dangerous than the agents of Moscow"—a tremendous admission for a gargantuan Communist-eater like Kerillis to make. There are, he says, certain men who are ready to work with Germany against their own country; some are simply scoundrels, but others are ideological maniacs, who, out of sheer hatred of democracy, are prepared to serve Hitler, everywhere and in any way. And he confirms the fact that the men involved in the armed plot are mostly dissident Croix de Feu men, Royalists, and members or former members of such Fascist and gangster organisations as the Solidarité Francaise, the Francistes, and possibly the Jeunesses Patriotes, organisations which, in 1934–36, competed unsuccessfully with La Rocque. Whether Doriot's party which, with its two seats out of 1,500, received such a terrific blow in the last local elections, is also concerned in the cagoulard plot I do not know—though there are certainly gangster elements in it who seem capable of anything. In any case, Doriot's paper, the *Liberté*, which is noted for its pro-Nazi sympathies, dismissed the whole plot as a "police diversion" calculated to cover up a "Communist plot," which, considering the very tangible Fascist arms dumps discovered by the police, was a peculiarly unconvincing argument. "Considering the origin of the arms" (I use M. Chautemps' own phrase) there does not seem the slightest doubt that Germany and Italy have had a great deal to do with it; for could these arms have been exported without any knowledge of the German or Italian authorities? Secondly, it is clear that the rank and file of the cagoulards were the more violent Fascist elements who, after their complete failure as "legal" organisations, decided on a different line of policy—a policy of direct terrorist action. Some time ago there were strong tendencies in that direction among the French Fascists; it will be remembered that a notable attempt at such direct action was already made in May, 1935, when a

number of Fascist extremists in the Croix de Feu raided the Socialist headquarters in the Rue Feydeau (I wrote about it in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION at the time). La Rocque took it very badly, and the extremists left his organisation, calling him a coward. In the last year or so nothing was heard of these people; had they been completely swept out of the way by the Front Populaire?

So it seemed; and yet perhaps it was too good to be true. The question arose whether they were not working underground. It may be recalled that some time ago I recorded in these columns some conversations with a young man of the extreme Right, who said that the hour of Fascism would strike in France the moment Franco won the war in Spain, as a result of which France would be encircled by Fascist dictatorships, and would be herself obliged to change her form of government. This young man had clearly a "cagoulard" mentality. But who are the other people behind it? So far only one "important" person has been arrested, a certain M. Moreau de la Meuse, who is charged with the illegal possession of arms and with "organising evildoers." He is the director of a big textile firm, and by his business activities he is closely connected with a particularly reactionary set of capitalists. It is curious that the police should have taken a peculiar interest in certain châteaux, which, they believe, conceal many more armaments dumps. So the whole picture is fairly clear—big capitalism, Germany and Italy and the Fascist extremists all working hand in hand. And what form, one may ask, would the armed rising take? One plausible theory is that the rising would coincide with a particularly dangerous international situation. If, for instance, a war broke out between Germany and Czechoslovakia, and if this were accompanied by an armed insurrection in Paris, the French Government would inevitably be paralysed, for at least a few days, in its freedom of decision. In miniature, we have already seen something of the sort; the explosions in the Rue de Presbourg came at a moment when France had come nearest to opening the frontier for armaments into Spain. They had a bewildering effect in Paris, and especially on the Bourse, where something of a financial panic began.

A Fascist insurrection, condemned in advance by 95 per cent. of French opinion, naturally cannot succeed in establishing a Fascist dictatorship in France; but it, or even isolated terrorist acts, may be sufficient to upset the country very deeply, for at least a time—a time of grave international complications. And the young men, who are serving foreign Powers in this manner, may easily have the mad illusion that such an insurrection might in certain circumstances end in a Fascist dictatorship.

A very curious aspect of the whole cagoulard affair, is its link with the La Rocque libel suits. The trouble with La Rocque and the other more extreme Fascist elements began a few months ago when Pozzo di Borgo, formerly a Croix de Feu leader, publicly accused La Rocque, on the strength of a private statement by Tardieu, of having been subsidised by the latter, when he was in office in 1931–32, out of the secret funds. I do not venture to say whether it was true or not; it was, of course, a grave accusation to make against a man who for years had posed as a paragon of patriotic virtue, and who had denounced, with such righteousness, the filth of parliamentary corruption. But I think it possible that if La Rocque really received subsidies from Tardieu—a Premier more to the extreme Right than any other since the war—he may have done so firmly believing that Tardieu was "of the cause." At the same time, I have not been altogether unimpressed by Kerillis's defence of La Rocque when he said that in 1931–32 the Croix de Feu was a tiny organisation which nobody had ever heard of, and that it would have been, to say the least, extravagant of Tardieu to spend thousands of pounds of public money on it. The Croix de Feu remained completely insignificant until 1934. Be that as it may, it is much more remarkable that if Tardieu—"the old shark," the *Populaire* calls him—really thought as poorly of La Rocque as he now says he did, he should not have breathed a word about it to anybody on the Right until last summer. Was it not then that the more extreme Right—men like Tardieu, Bailby, the *Action Française*, the Chiappe clan, and possibly Doriot—thought that the time had come for wrecking La Rocque? For although La Rocque had lost much of his prestige, he still remained the leader of the Right with by far the largest following in the country. One interesting reason for the wrecking of La Rocque is given by Kerillis, who claims that Bailby of the *Jour* decided to finish off the Colonel if the latter ever dared to start a daily paper in Paris, which would become a serious menace to the *Jour*. La Rocque actually bought the *Petit Journal;* and it was then that the trouble started. The *Action Française*, which in 1934–36 had viewed La Rocque's rise with bitter envy, joined in the campaign with all the venom at its disposal—*voleur*, *pourri*, and what not.

Now what, one may ask, is the connection between all this and the cagoulards? A curious statement was made by a certain ex-general, named Duseigneur, who had been mentioned in connection with the cagoulard case. "Cagoulards," he laughed. "Never heard of it!" But then he went on to say that, some months earlier, he had become president of a new organisation called "Union of Defence Committees," which had been founded by—M. Pozzo di Borgo, the very man who with Tardieu had started the campaign against La Rocque! Duseigneur added, of course, that his organisation was a "legally constituted body," and that its function was purely propagandist.

But it was a curious statement for all that. And the latest theory is that the sensational police discoveries last week were the result of a vendetta by La Rocque's friends: "You are treating our boss as a crook; very well then, we shall give *your* little show away. *Rira bien qui rira le dernier.*" Whether Tardieu, Bailby, Pozzo di Borgo, the *Action Française*, and Chiappe are cagoulards or not, I do not know. But it is certain that the cagoulards, whoever their leaders may be, are La Rocque's enemies. The net result, as far as one can see it at the moment, is a sharp split in the French extreme Right: on the one hand the more respectable nationalists, incapable of working hand-in-hand with a foreign power—men like La Rocque, Kerillis, Ybarnégaray, and the ordinary conservative Frenchman, and, on the other hand, the real Fascists, capable of anything. These may be a small minority; but perhaps bombs make up for numbers.

The latest development in the cagoulard case, which, by the way, had caused the *Action Française* the most terrible embarrassment, is the denunciation of the *Action Française* and of the Royalist leaders by the Comte de Paris! "If their political doctrine," he said, "advocates a monarchist regime, their teachings have, on the contrary, shown themselves incompatible with the traditions of the French monarchy." The *Action Française* was naturally overwhelmed, and could only say that it was another dirty trick played on it by La Rocque, whose brother is the A.D.C. of the Comte de Paris. And so the battle continues—not without a great deal of chuckling from the entire Left.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, November 23rd.

A LONDON DIARY

I DON'T believe the story that Mr. Eden was so upset about the decision to send Lord Halifax to Berlin that he wanted to resign. (Why should he, when he is Foreign Secretary and a likely Prime Minister?) But I do know that Lord Halifax is regarded as one of the Lothian-Astor, so-called pro-German group (which means the group that thinks the best way of dealing with Hitler is to let him have what he likes as long as he doesn't come West) and that important people in the Foreign Office were very much opposed to Lord Halifax going to Berlin. It is also true, I understand, that Lord Halifax has come back a good deal shaken by the rigidity and scope of Hitler's demands. My friend, Sagittarius, who has

picked up the same impression, put these mundane comments into pretty verse :

The Foreign Office set aside
That Hitler might be satisfied,
Lord Halifax achieves a flop
As Chamberlain's von Ribbentrop.

Which rhymes neatly. But it is much too early to talk about a flop.

* * *

It is appalling to notice how, as capitalism develops, the miseries of Europe all seem likely to be repeated in the New World. Brazil is a bigger country than the United States, and according to some authorities potentially richer; Brazil has long been nibbling at other people's territory and its Government is now more firmly Fascist. German influence counts for a lot there—and is watched with alarm in the U.S.A. The Argentine is not immune from nationalism; we may now expect a South American arms race. But the country that I regard with the greatest concern is Mexico, where I had an opportunity last Spring of asking President Cardenas about the danger of a Fascist revolt. Mexico is not "communist," and is much less anti-clerical than it was. The biggest change, of course, is the breaking up of big estates, often shockingly neglected, in favour of peasant agriculture. The peons, in many cases much too ignorant to make a job of it themselves, are being helped with Government education and credits. I gather that this help is not by any means adequate, and one of Mexico's present difficulties is that the agricultural policy has for the time at least reduced some of Mexico's available produce for export. Some of the dispossessed landlords have become Fascists and are in league, I believe, with a merchant group which is said to be plotting to turn Mexico into another Spain. An attempt of the kind seems probable if Franco wins. I met dispossessed landlords who, assuming that any Englishman with enough money to travel must be sympathetic with propertied interests, told me of their disappointment that Landon had been defeated by Roosevelt, because a Republican victory in the United States would have meant that the influence of big business could have been mobilised on the side of a Fascist coup in Mexico. I asked Cardenas whether his plans included an effort to get rid of foreign capital, as people say that they do. He replied that it was impossible for Mexico to do without foreign capital; his complaint was that the foreign capitalist often paid his labourers only half what the same capitalist paid them in America and sold the product for the same amount. I asked him too if he feared a reactionary rising by the dispossessed proprietors with the backing of the Catholic Church. He said that the Fascists were far too weak, and in the setting of Oaxaca, the Indian town in which we were talking, with thousands of enthusiastic peons surrounding the house, the reply was quite convincing. I am not so sure to-day. Big business interests in the United States may be more willing to help than they were in the Spring; Fascism has secured many victories, and seems less remote to Central America, and President Cardenas, who is a strong man and fully alive to the danger, has not yet been able to do anything with General Cedillo, who remains a member of his Ministry, and who yet has his own private army and who is often talked about as a likely candidate for the dictatorship.

* * *

Two employees of a well-known City firm have been dismissed, it seems, for no other reason than that they wore the white poppy of the Peace Pledge Union as well as the Haig red poppy on Armistice Day. One has been employed there for four years and the other for seven, and no complaint seems to have been made against either of them. According to their own account, their employer asked what the white poppy stood for. When he heard it was the Peace Pledge, he said :

> You are being hoodwinked by a lot of crooks and it is an absolute insult to the country. You people who will not fight for the country are no good at all. I cannot have it in my office. Either you stop wearing the thing or you take a month's notice.
>
> *Employee :* I have a religious principle for my opinion, sir.
> *Employer :* Your religious principle is crooked compared with mine.
> *Employee :* I am sorry you see it in that way, sir.
> *Employer :* Well, I do.

Cases of this kind are likely, I think, to crop up with increased frequency. The men who take this line will not by any means always be Quakers or members of any religious body. They will not be Communists. Nor, I think, will they be cowards—for in peace time it takes courage to risk one's job for an idea. What I anticipate is that an increasing number of people of both sexes will realise the kind of thing expected of them in war and say that, whatever the result politically and whatever the effect on them personally, they will be non-co-operators in war or preparation for war. They may reach this opinion, I think, from reading any realistic book about modern war or from watching the films from China that you can now see in a News Reel or a documentary like The March of Time's *Rehearsal for War*. In an emergency or hand to hand fight, I've heard them say, it may be justifiable to kill your opponent, but they will be damned—in both senses of the phrase—if they will in any circumstances drop bombs on an unarmed population or help to kill people miles away whom they don't know and with whom they have no quarrel. I've met several people who simply refused to fight on these grounds in the middle of the last war. One is a German who is now resident in England. He was a sniper who suddenly realised that he was no longer shooting at a target, but was being asked to kill an actual man. He refused, was to be executed, but was finally reprieved. He survived to have a distinguished career as an engineer. I wonder whether this may happen on quite a large scale in some future war—that the soldiers will turn against their superior officers and refuse to shoot? If this happens only on one side, as it did in Russia in 1917, it is called a collapse of morale. The problem is how to have a simultaneous or infectious collapse on both sides of the trenches. The British Government has materially helped a movement of this kind in England by behaving with contempt to the League which was the one effective argument for getting Pacifists to fight and by showing such a marked indifference to the fate of democracies in countries where British support had been relied upon. With the world back at anarchy again the number of ordinary decent, common-sense Englishmen who refuse to go out and murder people they don't know is likely to grow.

* * *

The difficulty of running a democracy in the midst of Fascist neighbours was again illustrated last week when the Czechoslovakian Government banned the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the Austrian Socialist emigrés' paper. The *Arbeiter Zeitung*, formerly the highly reputed central organ of the Austrian Social-Democrats in Vienna, was published after the Austrian workers' struggle and defeat in February, 1934, in Brno (Czechoslovakia), near the Austrian border. Although reduced to pocket size and a few pages, it still enjoyed considerable importance and influence, secretly crossing the frontiers into Austria in numbers never before achieved by an illegal paper. The Austrian Government finally brought pressure to bear on Czechoslovakia, and succeeded last March in forcing the publishers of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* in Brno to transfer to Paris. But its circulation in Austria remained undiminished. Herr Schuschnigg, suspecting rightly or wrongly that it still circulated from Czechoslovakia, continued to press the Czechoslovakian authorities, who finally took the further serious step of altogether forbidding the importation and circulation of the Paris *Arbeiter Zeitung* in Czechoslovakia. Democratic Czechoslovakia, which leaves her own press free to criticise internal and foreign policy, is thus reduced to banning a friendly foreign paper in order to please her Fascist neighbour. The Czech as well as the German Social-Democratic Party in Czechoslovakia strongly protested against this decision, but their representatives in the Coalition Government could not prevent it. The incident is a perfect example in miniature of the piecemeal destruction of freedom which follows from the failure of the democratic Powers to stand together.

There has been no fouler political crime in our generation than the murder of Carlo and Nello Roselli last June. The murderers were not caught or even identified. But no one doubts who employed them or that the reason for the crime was Carlo's activity in organising the Garibaldi battalion and then in publishing in *Giustizio e Libertà* (which gets some underground circulation in Italy) the names and photographs of 227 Italians taken prisoner at Guadalajara. The Society called *For Intellectual Liberty* (23 Haymarket, S.W.1) has just published (at the price of 2*s*.) an admirable memoir of the Rosellis by Professor Salvemini. I read his story of Carlo's life, his brilliant escape from Lipari and subsequent work against Fascism with all the more interest because I remember so vividly a long talk with him when he was in England a few years ago. That he was an idealist and enthusiast, who lived to regain freedom in Italy, I had no doubt. But I confess that I had not guessed how much a man of action he would prove. I see that a group of English men and women, including, among other distinguished names, the Master of Balliol, Ernest Barker, Wickham Steed, Norman Angell, Lady Rhondda, Philip Noel-Baker and R. H. Tawney, propose to perpetuate the memory of the Rosellis by the publication of a series of books in French and Italian at the rate of two volumes a year. The first is to contain in French Carlo's writings on the Spanish civil war, in which he commanded the first foreign anti-Fascist column. The signatories want more money to start the books off, and subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. V. N. Crawford, 35 Campden Street, London, W.8.

* * *

A correspondent writes to tell me that a friend recently replied to an advertisement in which a working housekeeper offered her services—"middle-class family preferred." In reply to his request for references, he received the following letter :

DEAR SIR, I want to know who you are apply to my address. I want full particulars, are your boys well trained, are you a gentleman to be respectable to another woman in your home, have you always led a clean and upright life, what is the matter with your wife, who your wife is, what was her parents, also yours, are you badtempered or otherwise. The same applies to us the same as it is to you who you get in your home, some of us working people have also to be on our guard, Yours truly, MADAM XYZ.

* * *

A fortnight ago I quoted the telegram sent by the Japanese bookseller, Mitsukoshi, to Mr. Victor Gollancz when he refused to do business with Japan. A letter has now followed the telegram. It is quite up to standard :

We just have received your letter . . . and read over same with much care again and again for its contents, we think, could not have been written by one who is in his own senses. Now, we only wish to express our great regret in finding you as if swallowing fabricated atrocity stories told by the people in roaring condition simply in the wishes of inducing sympathy for the Chinese side. We also regret to see you exciting exceedingly provoked by such fabricated stories told and are quite misunderstanding Japan in the present conflict in China. Our present wish to you is to make cautious study of the events and to know why Japan ought to stand against China. We are not a politician or a diplomat and would not like to enter into any more discussion, but only hope you will be tranquil and to execute any of our orders without objection. . . .

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. B. Hilliard.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

RESPIRATORS AS ASTHMA CURE

Other disclosures made by Mr. Lloyd were that :

In war time respirators will be distributed in a matter of hours from a chain of depots.

The respirators can be worn by children down to the age of four, and a special device for babies has now passed its scientific stage and is in the stage of practical trial.

These respirators can be worn by aged and infirm people without any trouble, and in the case of asthma (he said) there appears to be a definitely curative quality in them.—*News Chronicle.*

I am very happy to be able to inform the House that the informal and exploratory discussions with a view to reaching an agreed basis for the negotiation of an Anglo-United States trade agreement have now reached a point at which the Governments of the United Kingdom and the United States feel able to announce that negotiations for such an agreement are contemplated.—The Prime Minister, reported in *Daily Telegraph.*

A CELESTIAL PORTENT

Apropos of the death of Mr. MacDonald, a correspondent telephoned us to say that while he was walking between Epsom and Ewell at about 9.30 p.m. on November 9th, he saw a ball of fire pass across the south-western sky. Shakespeare assures us that "the heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes." Can it be that distinguished politicians, even among the ranks of the Socialists, are also entitled to the same honour ?—*Weekly Horoscope.*

While a bitter wind howled outside the British Legion Hall on Tuesday evening and listeners sat in overcoats and furs, the chairman of the Littlehampton Ratepayers' Association (Mr. C. J. Derington-Turner) opened a discussion on the immodest bathers. From people bathing from cars he turned to people undressing on the beach. "We have had one instance of a person undressing there and although two friends held a blanket up he was entirely exposed to the south," said the speaker.—*Sussex Daily News.*

The Duke of Northumberland's Tibetan Gazelle, from Labak, is more than a mere stuffed head ; it is an unconscious ambassador from the roof of the world.—*Evening Standard.*

Being asked the way to the Workhouse by a needy looking man, I gave him a shilling. Judge of my surprise, as a local preacher and life-long teetotaler, when he turned into the next "pub," into which I followed in a useless effort to get my money back. What were my legal rights ?—Letter in *John Bull.*

I am no opponent of holidays with pay, but I am an opponent of anything proposed by the Socialist Party because I think it is slipshod and ill-considered and they never put up anything that is worth anyone's serious consideration. I oppose them not because of their ideals, but because of the slipshod, impractical way they put it before us.—Mr. H. R. Selley, M.P., reported in *Balham, Tooting and Mitcham News and Mercury.*

ROOSEVELT'S FIGHT WITH THE POWER TRUSTS

IT is part of President Roosevelt's dilemma that he must either abandon his fight with the power trusts in the hope of staying the decline in business, or, electing to stand by that one item of policy he has consistently pursued since he became Governor of New York State, proceed with the extension of regional planning on the lines of the Tennessee Valley Authority. If the President now compromises with the power trusts, the capital strike instituted by them would end and a vast sum variously estimated from $1,000 to $3,000 millions could be spent on new capital equipment in the utility industry.

To compromise would necessitate agreement on the fixing of rates. These are based on the capital of the utilities and whether they are excessive or not must necessarily turn on the basis on which capital is estimated. Of recent years the Supreme Court has allowed companies to fix rates to earn from 6½ per cent. to 7 per cent. on "property account." Property values have in many instances been written up by holding companies to many times the original cost. Roosevelt has proposed a return to "common law rule" in utility rate making. He has told the utilities that if they accept a fair basis of valuation for rate fixing he will stop the fight.

Because the power trusts in pig-headedness are comparable with the mine owners of this country, they have previously

refused to be reasonable. Now they have much to gain by coming to terms. The Public Utility Holding Company Act, if held constitutional, as is now likely, aims at holding companies and would result in the unscrambling of some of the most blatant instances of pyramid finance. If compromise is effected, certain parts of the act might not be enforced. Compromise might end Government competition and stop the bill to establish seven regional authorities similar to the T.V.A., already relegated to last place in the legislative programme for the present session, being proceeded with. It is over Government generation and distribution that the main fight rages. The object has been the establishment of a yardstick for determining the cost of power production and fair rates. Roosevelt's policy is summed up in his own words:

> Government power development as a national yardstick to prevent extortion against the public and to encourage the further use of that servant of the people, electricity. . . . Where a community is not satisfied with the service rendered or the rates charged by the private utility, it has the undeniable right as one of its functions of government to set up its own governmentally owned and operated service. The fact that a community can, by vote of the electorate, create a yardstick of its own, will in most cases guarantee a good service and low rates to its population, "a birch rod in the cupboard."

A major attempt at interpreting this policy has been made in the Tennessee Valley. There the Tennessee Valley Authority, a corporation clothed with the power of Government but possessed of the flexibility and initiative of private enterprise, generates electricity, carries it over its own lines and markets it to municipalities and farmers' electric supply co-operatives as well as to privately owned power companies and private industries. Entry of the Government into the field of generation and distribution resulted in the birch rod rather than the yardstick being the more effective. Fear and self-defence brought about a halving of rates by the privately owned companies irrespective of whether the Government's wholesale rate to the co-operatives or the co-operatives retail rate fixed by the T.V.A. was a fair yardstick or not.

The companies claim that it is no fair yardstick, as the T.V.A., free from federal and local taxes, makes no provision for amortisation and pays no interest on the capital cost of its plant. On this the T.V.A. Board differs, the Chairman, Dr. Arthur Morgan, holding the view that Government subsidies, direct or indirect, should be taken into account in creating the yardstick. But he is in a minority, and the T.V.A. official reply is that its rate is economic, as its policy of cheapening electricity has increased consumption sufficiently to pay for its cost and because the large increase in consumption has increased the profits of the companies generating and retailing electricity at reduced rates in the T.V.A. area. In any event, freedom from taxation is applicable only to the wholesale rate as the co-operatives are not tax free and the variation in this rate makes little difference to the consumer's monthly bill. The retailers pay tax and amortise the cost of their distribution lines over a period of twenty years. It is the saving on the distribution side that is most marked, the wholesale rate varying from one sixth to one twelfth of the retail. Where the Government is in the electricity business, not only have rates fallen the most, but consumption has increased the greatest, while electricity has reached a great number of communities for the first time.

What has been achieved has been in the face of intense opposition from vested interests. The warfare has been legal and physical. The battlefield has been Congress, where the most powerful lobby strongly financed by power interests has been consistently at work; the courts, from the County Court to the Supreme Court; and the countryside, where a bitter struggle between T.V.A. and the companies for rural communities takes place. Here its main form has been the erection by the companies of "spite lines," in territory about to be developed by the co-operatives, formed under the auspices of T.V.A. The companies have resorted to sleuthing, erection of lines by night and general misrepresentation to the uneducated negroes and poor whites.

The importance of T.V.A., which covers an area as big as England embracing parts of five States, is as much in the job of economic planning as in the generation of electricity. Appointed by Congress to plan for proper use, conservation and development the natural resources of the Tennessee Valley drainage basin and its adjoining territory, it took over in 1933 the white elephant of Muscle Shoals where nitrate plants, the Wilson dam and generating plant had lain idle since their construction during the war. Incorporating this in the general plan calls for construction of eleven further dams with which T.V.A. is to tap the immense water power resources of the Tennessee River. To build high dams at the cost of a battleship apiece for the sole purpose of making electricity available in quantity far greater than immediate demand justifies would be uneconomic. But in building those dams to aid flood control, improve navigation, conserve the soil and make scientific farming worth while, and to knit the whole into a comprehensive regional plan, makes the project economic. In that spirit T.V.A. was conceived and is being operated.

For legal purposes generation of electricity has to be considered as incidental to the plan. The Supreme Court has ruled that in the case of Wilson Dam the Government has the right to sell its surplus electricity, as it was incidental to the other obligations imposed by the T.V.A. Act.

T.V.A. sought co-operation with the holding companies from the start, but it has been found impossible. T.V.A. has stated that where private and public interests conflict, public interest must prevail, but added that where reconciliation could be made without injury to the public, it should take place. Further, every effort was made by the authority to avoid the construction of duplicate physical facilities or to engage in wasteful competitive practices. Starting with war-time constructed Wilson Dam, the authority after extensive negotiation reached agreement with four power companies, subsidiaries of the privately owned holding company Commonwealth and Southern Corporation to last until the second dam—Norris—was completed. For $3,000,000 the T.V.A. purchased certain properties of these companies, which gave them control of sufficient distributing systems to absorb the power then produced. At the same time reduction by the companies of rates varying from 15 per cent. to 28 per cent. in areas still retained by them was agreed upon. Areas of operation were allocated and the interchange of power between the companies and the authority arranged.

With a market found for its power T.V.A. proceeded with its programme of rural electrification. It aided the formation of farmers' co-operatives to take over the company lines acquired, and set up new co-operatives where electricity had not previously been provided. Results were spectacular. T.V.A. is now selling to over 30 agencies, a few individual customers and one private utility. Rates are low. The bill of a five-room house using electricity for lighting, cooking, refrigerator and possessing small electrical appliances, such as iron and radio and a water pump, averages about $5 per month or £12 a year. Efforts of municipalities to purchase distribution systems and take power from T.V.A. are constantly being made and constantly being frustrated by the privately owned companies. T.V.A. records show how it has urged cities to refrain from erecting competing plants as long as there was any possibility of purchase, and only where negotiations to purchase threatened to break down did T.V.A. interfere. Reasons for breakdown are generally traceable to impossible demands of the companies or to legal action inspired by them. More often than not the companies demand too high a price, seeking book value without any allowance for depreciation.

The original agreement between T.V.A. and Commonwealth and Southern companies was never adhered to on the part of the companies. While T.V.A. carried out its side of the agreement a shareholder's suit was brought against T.V.A. and the Commonwealth and Southern questioning the contract. Where the money came from to finance the suit or who inspired the shareholder is no matter for conjecture as far as the T.V.A. is concerned. The queer result, however, was that T.V.A. and the privately owned public utility found themselves co-

defendants. That one of the defendants was practically his own prosecutor goes without saying. When the case reached the Supreme Court it was decided in favour of T.V.A. Despite this, the agreement continued until February, 1937, to allow the possibilities of a pooling agreement between the power companies and the T.V.A. to be explored. Roosevelt urged the working out of a plan for regional power pools, private and public interests to co-operate to that end. No progress was made and when the agreement expired, although T.V.A. stated it was willing to extend the agreement, the Commonwealth and Southern preferred war to co-operation. The private interests demanded an exclusive monopoly over T.V.A. power in the area served by the companies. The only contract they were willing to sign was one that barred the T.V.A. from selling power to any other agency where the Commonwealth and Southern operated. This was clearly unconstitutional as the T.V.A. Act specifically laid it down that in disposing of its surplus power, preference had to be given to public agencies not operating for profit. This was known by Commonwealth and Southern, and from that date on the private utilities have made no offer which comes within the terms of the Act. On the contrary, it is participating in a suit brought by nineteen power companies against T.V.A. challenging the Act as unconstitutional. Hearing of the claim that, "The T.V.A. Act of 1933 as amended, the power programme authorised by said Act, and the power programme promulgated by the Defendants are severally in violation of the Constitution of the United States," started in the United States District Court on November 15th.

Since, whatever the result, an appeal to the Supreme Court is to be expected, policy cannot wait on this decision. The success of T.V.A., the completion of the Government projects on the Colorado and Columbia rivers and the proposals for regional planning, are good cards in Roosevelt's hand. The sole honours card held by the utilities is ability to spend on expansion and re-equipment. Compromise can come if, in the main, the President's terms for rate fixing are accepted in principle. Only then is definition and limitation of Government competition likely to be considered and a solution ultimately found through the establishment of power pools. In the meantime it is improbable that Roosevelt's retreat will be so speedy or so complete as Wall Street and the power trusts hope and expect.

ERNEST DAVIES

CORONATION COMMENTARY

Coronation Commentary, by Geoffrey Dennis, was published last spring shortly before the Coronation of King George VI. The book was described last Monday by the Lord Chief Justice as containing libels which, "a jury might think, appear almost to invite a thoroughly efficient horse-whipping."

Now Lord Hewart's *obiter dictum* came as a surprise, we imagine, to those who know the facts that followed the publication of *Coronation Commentary*. On its appearance it was favourably reviewed in the *Times Literary Supplement* and in the *Observer*—two newspapers not notorious for printing or praising anti-Royalist propaganda. The writer of the *Observer* notice was Mr. Arthur Bryant, in whom Mr. Garvin has such trust that he allows him to deputise for him on the leader page. *Coronation Commentary* was also chosen as the book of the month by the Right Book Club. In brief it received an enthusiastic welcome in quarters eminently respectable. Nor can it be pleaded that this welcome was hastily given by critics who overlooked the chapter on the Abdication; that was particularly praised, and presumably those who praised it also "appear almost to invite a thoroughly efficient horse-whipping."

Shortly after the book's publication the Duke of Windsor, through his solicitors, made his complaint against Mr. Dennis' defence of his character, by threatening an action for libel. What happened? The publishers, with the author's approval, immediately stopped the book's circulation in this country. And Mr. Dennis had his regrets and apologies conveyed to the Duke for any pain the chapter had given him.

In the meantime the book had been published in the United States. There was nothing to stop its free circulation in that country; but Mr. Dennis ordered his publishers to cease circulating the volume, until he had excised the passages to which the Duke took exception. The book was then selling very widely; and Mr. Dennis lost very considerably by this action. After the action of the Duke of Windsor in England, an effort was made to prevent the sale of the book in Canada—but the Courts there decided there was nothing legally objectionable in *Coronation Commentary*. In spite of this legal decision, Mr. Dennis stopped the circulation of his book in Canada also. In fact he stopped it everywhere.

It should be noticed that the effect of the public trial through the services of the press gave to the offending passages a circulation a thousand times greater than they had gained through the book.

The main purpose of *Coronation Commentary* was to uphold monarchy as an institution. The purpose of the chapter on Edward VIII—added after the book had been finished—was to explain his character, to complain, as did Dr. Lang, of some of his friends, and to show his conduct in the best possible light. It is generally adjudged the best defence of the Duke of Windsor that has appeared in print. To make it effective, Mr. Dennis was compelled to mention the rumours which were current in London at the time. To have kept silence about them would have made his defence completely null. Mr. Dennis was not spreading broadcast stories heard by only a few odd people. Supposing *Coronation Commentary* sold 12,000 copies it would mean that of any given 120,000 people who had heard the stories one in ten would have heard the defence. To-day something like five or six million people have read the stories.

MORE ARGUMENTS AGAINST SMOKING

IT is always inspiring to see a brave man fighting for a lost cause and I never cease to admire the Jacobitish zeal with which year after year Mr. St. John Ervine carries on a kind of guerilla warfare against the ever-increasing power of tobacco. I admire it all the more because I have fired a few shots in the war against tobacco myself and have invariably retired defeated, with the sign of defeat, a cigarette, in my mouth. I can go on fighting for a week or a month, but there always comes a time when, like a coward, I strike my colours—and a match. Yet I think I have better reasons to hate tobacco than Mr. Ervine. I have endured at its hands sufferings such as he has never known.

I have been its prisoner, its slave, and during the greater part of my life have gone about clanking its ignoble chains. It has drained my purse like a usurious money-lender. It has inflicted on my throat aches and pains that, had tobacco existed at the time, might have been among the punishments of Caliban. It has half-robbed me of at least one of my senses —the sense of smell—so that, when I walk in a rose-garden, the roses, for all the fragrance they communicate to me, might almost as well be made of paper.

I feel, then, that people like me would have good reason to attack tobacco and to go on attacking it till we had put an end to its tyranny. Our freedom and happiness would be engaged. We should be fighting in a Servile War for all that men hold dear. What I cannot make out about Mr. Ervine is what comparable motive he has for his savage onslaughts on tobacco.

Apparently, it has never done him an injury. He has never worn its chains or been mulcted by it in large sums,

or even endured the pains of a smoker's throat. Many people will say, and with some reason, that it is all the nobler on his part to fight this monstrous evil since he stands to gain nothing by its suppression. He is as disinterested, they will say, as was Wilberforce in working for the freedom of the slaves. Would that it were so! If Mr. Ervine would boldly come forward as the Wilberforce of the enslaved smokers, how many of us would rally to his standard! But, alas, Mr. Ervine is no Wilberforce. He hates the slaves almost as much as he hates the slave-driver. He dislikes smoking, not because it injures the smokers, but merely because it is a filthy and disgusting habit.

This is clear from an article of his in the *Observer* last Sunday. There Mr. Ervine describes how he recently got into a smoking compartment in a railway train by mistake and how he "had to sit for three hours and thirty minutes in the company of a man who belched forth smoke the whole of the time, as if he were trying to give an imitation of Battersea Power Station in full blast." He is broadminded enough to admit that "complaint was impossible," but, he adds, "I should have thought that even the most inveterate fumigator would have taken some notice of evident signs of distress and would after he had smoked the pipe for an hour, have given it and his fellow-passengers a rest. But not a bit of it. This fellow not only filled the carriage with his offensive fumes, but had the impertinence, without asking anyone's leave, to seal the windows." And he goes on a few sentences later: "These people should be forbidden to inflict their dirty habits on other people."

It seems to me that in this description of a fellow-creature smoking, Mr. Ervine betrays symptoms, however faint, of prejudice. He declares, for example, that the man "belched forth smoke," surely an unprecedented phenomenon in the history of smoking. I cannot believe that the man belched forth smoke any more than a garden bonfire belches forth smoke or an April sky belches forth clouds. It is possible to make any human pleasure seem ugly by applying an ugly image to it. Imagine, for example, how unpleasant even the most seemly dinner-party might be made to appear if it were described in terms of hostility. "All the women were shoving great dollops of cantaloupe into their faces, with the muscles of their throats working up and down in a haglike rapture. Then they wolfed the soup like pigs at a trough. They ate the fish obscenely, as meat-eaters always eat fish. During the meat-course they kept up an infernal chatter so as to drown the horrible noise of their teeth champing on lumps of dead sheep that they kept pushing into their maws with forks that became dirtier and dirtier as they ate." And so on, till the fruit-course, when "one beast of a woman took an orange and opened it, letting loose one of the most odious stenches known outside a chemical laboratory."

The truth is, smoking is not in itself a whit more filthy and disgusting than most other human habits. It results in certain untidinesses, but what habit does not? Look at a plate from which someone has just eaten a leg of chicken. What an unpleasant array of skin and bones and remains of vegetables, bread sauce and gravy! If we overlooked everything in eating but its untidy consequences, most of us would abjure meats and fall back on orange-juice. Mr. Ervine says of the habits of some smokers: "If I were a maid who had to wash up after cigarette-fiends had done their worst in a coffee-cup, I should rub their noses in the sodden butts in the hope, perhaps delusive, of teaching them manners." But how would he like it if the maid conceived a similar antipathy to the equally untidy porridge-fiends, curry-fiends, chicken-fiends, and Lancashire-hot-pot-fiends, and rushed into his dining-room to rub the noses of his guests in the unclean plates? I do not, I may say, defend the practice of dropping cigarette-butts into coffee-cups. I merely wish to emphasise the fact that, where human beings have been enjoying themselves, there is usually some tidying up to be done after they are gone, and that they should not hesitate to enjoy themselves all the same.

Mr. Ervine objects to smoking because, among other things, smokers "drop ash on every floor." But, if they do, what of it? Was there ever anything less harmful to a carpet than cigarette-ash? I hold it a matter of conscience to use an ash-tray, if an ash-tray is provided, but, even then, cigarette-ash has a way of falling inadvertently, and I have never felt a grievance against a guest who left so innocent and easily removable a trail of his presence on my carpet. I should as soon think of blaming him for leaving his finger-prints on my knives and forks. As for throwing butts on the carpet and leaving them on the furniture, that is another matter. It is a breach of etiquette hated as much by smokers as by non-smokers. Only one of my guests has ever done this. We cigarette smokers, though Mr. Ervine may not know it, have a high code of honour.

I think, however, that it is the smell of tobacco that offends Mr. Ervine most. "The fuliginous"—so runs one of his sentences—"are a funny lot, always at their damnable tobacco, and incapable of sitting still for thirty minutes without fouling the air with their infernal fumes." It is a curious fact that, when coffee was first introduced into England, it was objected to by many people on similar grounds: it offended the sense of smell. According to a passage in *The Epicure's Companion*, when the first coffee-house was opened in the City of London, the neighbours organised a petition for its suppression, because of the intolerable stench it created. To-day, there are few, even among abstainers from the bean, who regard the smell of coffee as a stench. Coffee is often a very poor drink, but what a luxury of fragrance it exhales in its perfection! Coffee, tea, tobacco—it was obviously by their fragrance that man was first attracted to them.

I loved the smell of tobacco from my infancy. Almost as soon as I could walk, I would take down the wooden owl in which my father kept his tobacco, and, raising the lid, would breathe in that lovely odour stealing through the senses as deliciously as the smell of musk or mignonette. To sit in the room with him while he was smoking was perfect company. Nothing, except perhaps coloured balloons, seemed to me more beautiful than the clouds of pipe-smoke that rose above his head, and, as he smoked, I drank in the decontaminated air with almost as much pleasure as I drank in the smell of the sea in summer. No, whatever there is to be said against smoking no case can be made out against it on the score that it offends the sense of smell. A room in which people *have been* smoking may strike one as stale and malodorous, but so, often, does a room in which people have been eating. A room, however, in which people *are* smoking has the most agreeable smell in the world—a cheerful smell, a natural smell . . .

I can honestly say that I dearly wish that tobacco were the foul, disgusting, malodorous thing that Mr. Ervine says it is. I might then be able to give it up. As it is, I have only moral reasons for doing so. And everybody knows how difficult it is to give anything up only for moral reasons. Y. Y.

THE ABOMINABLE HOODED MEN

[The French police have discovered clear evidence of a vast Fascist plot against the Republic. But public attention is diverted to one comparatively trivial and almost comic aspect of this plot—the activities of the Cagoulards . . . the Hooded Men.]

THEY'VE found the secret hide-out of the Hooded Men, they say,
An' plots to overthrow the State, all ready fer The Day,
An' documents, an' radio, an' forts built underground,
With gas-bombs, an' explosives, an' machine-guns piled around,
An' they'll bust into the Chamber by the sewers an' the drains,
An' grab the Chautemps Government an' hang 'em up in chains,
An' the Crime Squad told the papers, so the rumour's got about
That the Hooded Men'll git you, ef you don't watch out.

They're mighty hard to capture fer they haven't any heads,
They ain't the Right er Centre er the Radicals er Reds,
You tell 'em by a kind of hat 'most anyone can wear,
One minute They's behind you, an' the next They's nuthin' There,
It jist can't be the Croix de Feu that hides behind the mask,
'Cause when la Rocque wants anything, he's only got to ask,
An' the Duke of Guise don't need 'em, 'cause he'll crown himself without,
But the Hooded Men'll get yer, ef yer don't watch out.

They heerd of Great Big Black Things hid in Coty's old Chateau,
But they only found a death-ray an' some footprints in the snow,
An' they tapped for secret tunnels underneath the concrete wall,
An' they photographed the footprints, but found nuthin' else at all,
But they guess when no one's lookin' most all cellars are a den
Of abominable Cagoulards (that's French fer Hooded Men)
An' they better run an' grab 'em, fer there ain't the leastest doubt
The Hooded Men'll git you, ef you don't watch out.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

AIR DEFENCE

SIR,—Well might Mr. R. J. Taylor say, "I can hardly imagine that this House has ever listened to a more depressing debate than the one to which we have listened to-day. We are discussing the end of civilisation." The whole business is made the more tragic because the speech of the Home Secretary disclosed that the whole basis of military effort in the next war rests on the very policy which, if put into operation by itself, provides the only complete defence of such civilisation as we now possess.

The need for "Air Raid Precautions" springs from the admitted fact that more than 300 tons of bombs will be dropped on the civil population every 24 hours for many days. Thus every large town becomes not only part of the battle area, but the very key to the military situation. If the morale of the civil population is broken, the war is lost, because, as Major-General Fuller has told us, the civil population is the foundation of all military power. It is necessary then to stiffen our own population against panic, to ensure that essential services are carried on, and to leave our own Air Force free to raid the civil population of our enemy. The civil population cannot itself hit back at attacking aeroplanes. It can only carry on its ordinary life, and learn to take punishment uncomplainingly. This is described by Mr. Sandys as "passive defence." In other words, the efficiency of the military machine in war depends ultimately but absolutely upon the capacity of the civil population successfully to practise non-violent resistance. With the departure from all decent standards which is a necessary result of modern war, this capacity will be tried to the utmost. We have in the result this grim joke, that successful violence itself depends upon successful non-violence. But rather than concentrate on this one sure defence we are preparing the doom of civilisation and sacrificing, as the price of its destruction, the spirit of democracy.

THOMAS SOUTHALL

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LEGAL AID

SIR,—In his article in your last issue, "Solicitor" has rendered a valuable service in exposing the almost complete failure in operation of the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act. But the injustice arising is even more grave than his article shows. In cases of murder, the provision of legal aid is compulsory when the means of the accused person are insufficient to allow of his providing it for himself. Legal aid, therefore, is always at the service of the accused in such cases. Knowledge of this is much more general than with regard to the permissive powers applying to less serious charges. The average citizen assumes therefore that in murder trials at any rate the poor person is adequately provided with legal aid.

There is no ground for this complacent view. The prosecution in a murder trial is conducted on behalf of, and with all the immense weight and resources of, the Crown, while the legal aid compulsorily provided for the defence is often badly handicapped and seriously inadequate. In a recent murder case, where the accused was an almost illiterate woman, the prosecution was conducted by the Solicitor-General in person, assisted by another K.C. and a junior Counsel. Allotted for the defence against this formidable battery of legal heavy guns were two junior Counsel only. There is no reflection on the efforts of these two gentlemen, who no doubt did their duty fully by their client, in saying that in such circumstances they were hopelessly overweighted by the array of legal prestige and influence opposed to them. Juries, like any other group of people, are notoriously apt to be impressed by great names and legal eminence, and the defence in this case must have been placed at once at a serious disadvantage.

It was in this case, too, that, on a point of vital importance, an eminent scientific witness for the Crown gave evidence destructive to the defence and accepted by everybody in Court, which was found, after the woman had been judged guilty and condemned to death, to be completely without foundation. That the condemned woman could be hanged after such a grave blunder in her trial was exposed must give rise to serious disquiet. It is not enough to ensure that poor persons will be represented, it is equally important to secure that they shall be *adequately* represented, in the sense that there should be a reasonable parity in the eminence of the Counsel appearing on both sides. Moreover, where technical experts are being called in by the Crown, there ought never for reasons of expense to be a barrier to the employment by the defence of experts of equal standing. The Poor Prisoners' Defence Act provides for payment of "any other expenses properly incurred in carrying on the defence" (i.e., in addition to providing for counsel, etc.), and Parliament, no doubt, meant that the defence should be adequate in all respects. It is probable therefore that in murder trials, as in others, the intention of the Act is being defeated in its administration. It is high time the whole matter was considered afresh and steps taken to make a good Act the invaluable instrument of justice it could be made.

JOHN PATON,
Secretary
National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty,
Parliament Mansions, London, S.W.1.

WHY "COLONEL" BLIMP?

SIR,—Your correspondent is to be congratulated on his outspoken letter in your issue of November 20th. It is time that a halt was called to the one-sided, prejudiced criticism of the Army officer who, if serving, is not allowed to defend himself. This criticism mostly comes from those who have little, or no, knowledge of their subject. The main charges seem to be that our officers are narrow-minded pedants of the "Die-hard" type. Such an impression is totally false.

The Army, like all professions, tends towards conservatism, but a study of current military literature reveals an intense desire for all-round improvement based on constructive and analytical criticism. Not only have our officers made tremendous strides in military knowledge, but they have largely succeeded in ridding themselves from the trammels of tradition, prejudice and sentiment, which stood in the way of modern mechanisation. It can also be confidently asserted that they have, in the process, become more broad-minded and closer in touch with modern affairs than almost any other body of professional men.

As regards politics, the average officer holds no brief for any political party. It is his duty to accept the decisions of the Government in office. Beyond that, his only interest is the well-being of the Empire and its peoples as a whole.

Previous to 1914, it is probable that the majority of officers were Conservative, but this was mainly due to a well-justified suspicion of the "Little England" and isolationist tactics of the Liberal Party. When they found a Liberal Government really attempting to put our imperial defences in order, they gave their unstinted loyalty and devotion to the Liberal Minister for War, Lord Haldane. It is pleasant to recall that, when Haldane was driven out by scandalous, lying gossip, the Army stood by him to the end.

Since the War, officers have felt that there was not much to choose between any party. The thoughtful soldier, and there are many such, realises that, if democracy is to survive, it must plan and organise for peace as for war. He views the present chaotic condition of trade and public affairs with intense misgivings. In fact, he is led, by a logical process of thought, to accept many of the views held by the Labour Party, such as an Economic General Staff, the co-ordination of all forms of transport, and the improvement of health, education and housing. He is not, however, convinced of either the sincerity or the ability

of Labour to carry its programme into effect. Nor is he impressed by the vagueness and unreality of Labour views on foreign policy and imperial defence.

In short, although serving officers are not allowed to express their views in public, a canvass of their real opinions would probably show that a large number agree with many of the Labour views on social and internal affairs, but would rather trust the National Government in foreign policy and imperial defence. Similar views are held by a large body of thoughtful civilian opinion which does not swear blind allegiance to any political party.

Chavernes, N. E. V. KYNASTON
Croxton, Stafford.

PATRIOTISM AND FILMS

SIR,—Mr. Aylmer Vallance's devastating criticism of the new Films Bill in your issue of November 13th did not carry us very far. But he pointed the way out—by supporting the proposal of the Moyne Committee that the industry should be subjected to the tutelage of a Films Commission charged with plenary powers to direct its organisation, finance and productions. I would go farther. I would suggest that the only dignified solution of the British production problem is to put a straight tax upon imported foreign films and, with the revenues so raised, to finance the production of artistically serious films under British direction. The financing and controlling body would be the Films Commission organised (but not run) on B.B.C. lines. It would, of course, be a difficult job for any semi-State Commission to tackle, but it should be possible to find men distinguished, disinterested and honest enough to serve their country in this highly entertaining and exciting manner. A lot of the films financed by the Films Commission would lose money, because artistic good taste and intelligence do not necessarily command "box office" success, as I once found out painfully to my cost, but the main object would be secured, namely, the employment of British artists and technicians in British studios in the production of original films characteristic of, but not discreditable to, the British nation. Money lost on a good quality film financed by the Films Commission would be money well spent on national propaganda. It is just as reasonable to subsidise British films as British beet sugar and just as practicable to have a semi-State Films Commission as it is to have a semi-State Sugar Commission. And how much sweeter would be the results—at any rate for those film-fans like myself who find the taste of so-called "British" films so bitter! NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

The Athenaeum Club.

LABOUR AND ARMS

SIR,—The suggestion of your correspondent, Rev. Henry Carter, that if both the Labour and Conservative parties support rearmament, pacifists in most constituencies will be disfranchised, brings out one aspect of pacifism in politics which is often ignored. This is that its absolute principles are only applicable to direct, and not to indirect, action.

In indirect political action the individual works through the actions of others who do not all share his motives. The citizen working for peace must work through parties desiring (among other things) political power, and through Governments desiring parliamentary support. If, in these circumstances, mankind is so minded that war is probable whatever happens, *no* action can avoid *indirectly* supporting war in certain eventualities.

Like other inhabitants of an imperfect world, pacifists have to co-operate with others to secure as much of their ideal as possible. Absolute abstention being rendered impossible by the possession of a vote, the pacifist may use his political influence in one of three ways: in making the risk of war as small as possible; in circumscribing its area as far as possible; or in making his responsibility as indirect as possible. The choice between these alternatives arises even if there is nothing that he is prepared to defend by force. For in politics he must work, in part, through others who will fight to defend certain things.

Pacifists, not being themselves prepared to fight, commonly adopt the third alternative, or something near it. They will not vote within a party for military sanctions, though the alternative may be that that party supports an anti-Fascist alliance; they will split a progressive party to keep it pure, even though this favours the cause of imperialism; they will keep Britain's hands clean, even if the dissatisfied powers are thereby encouraged to make war.

I do not believe this policy is deliberate. It is born of the feeling that it is illogical to vote for a compromise policy which one is not prepared, in all circumstances, to carry out oneself. But this feeling is surely absurd. It results from the fiction that a democrat votes in all circumstances as if his vote alone determined the fate of the universe. This would make democracy a game and divorce political responsibility from reality.

Pacifism cannot be enforced by Government action. Even a large pacifist majority could not disband the armed forces; and before such a majority was attained constitutional development would be arrested by foreign or internal intervention. A pacifist vote can therefore only be justified by an irresponsible conception of democracy.

In exercising their votes, and so influencing the armed forces and professional diplomats, pacifists can surely co-operate with the rest of us who advocate that all power should be used to support international law, and so reduce the probability of war. If they are prepared to bear the consequences of attack undefended they can logically refuse to aid, or be aided by, these forces, should war break out in spite of their political efforts.

So long as pacifists regard war resistance and political support for collective security as incompatible, the good effects of their moral leadership will be offset by the bad effects of political irresponsibility. T. H. SILCOCK

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DACHAU

SIR,—As a Britisher who lived in Germany through the change from Republic to Nazidom, may I thank the writer who wrote on Dachau in your issue of November 13th? Such an article is the more needed, because so many here in England have become indifferent or say that these cruelties are things of the past. My own private camp reports from 1933 onwards showed no development towards better things. The last one I had described a prison (not concentration) camp at the close of 1936 and was as bad as any.

I can also confirm the statement that some S.S. men are revolted by their work. A good S.S. friend of mine described to me the two paths that such men took: either they became hardened brutes, or they acquired a deep loathing of the whole Nazi regime. The number of the latter is, he considered, small, but naturally it includes men of great courage.

Those with intimate knowledge of the present state of things in Germany will understand that I must remain ANONYMOUS

EDUCATION IN AFRICA

SIR,—The writer of your article, "Education in Africa," states:

> No African population can afford a sufficiency of expensive imported civil servants to make a mass attack upon their poverty, ignorance and disease.

According to the official Blue Book the Government's contribution to education in Northern Rhodesia during 1936 was as follows: for the children of the 10,588 whites, £29,934 (or £29 per child in school); and for the children of the 1,366,425 blacks, £24,841 (or 5*s*. per child in school).

Just three weeks ago the chairman of Rhokana Corporation, Ltd., a copper concern operating in Northern Rhodesia, declared a final dividend for 1936 of 37½ per cent., less tax, profits amounting to £2,019,866.

Here, at least, if the Africans remain illiterate, it is surely not because Africa is poor! W. ARTHUR LEWIS

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SPAIN—AND GERMANY

SIR,—To-day, at a time when important decisions are being made in Spain and the Far East, many people have almost lost sight of the internal political development in Germany and do not think of the fight that a small but determined opposition is putting up in this country. Perhaps it is to be wondered that there is a question of a "small opposition" here. Unfortunately, it is all too true—the number of those who consciously set up another Weltanschauung in opposition to National Socialism is small. If we estimate this select few at 1½ to 2 millions, this is certainly no exaggeration.

But this does not prove that the German nation is fundamentally National Socialist. The overwhelming majority have become apathetic politically—in the bottom of their hearts they are not National-Socialistically inclined, but any sort of political activity

ust does not occur to them. They are the real recruiting ground of the German opposition. Once this great mass is brought to definite consciousness of its political duty, then we are so much nearer to the liberation of Germany.

On the other hand, it is precisely the mass of people mentioned above who come to a great extent under the paralysing influence of the successful external policy of National Socialism. We are always hearing: "Yes; but you see, is there really any point in fighting against the State in Germany, when it is daily widening its sphere of influence? Spain is falling; no one tries to hinder the Japanese in their wholesale slaughter. The democratic States put up just as little resistance to German Fascism to-day as they used to do. Therefore any struggle against National Socialism is useless."

What can we reply to this argument? Those who know how heavy the pressure is that National Socialism exerts on every German, also know how much internal idealism is necessary to-day in Germany to carry on our struggle.

For us opponents of National Socialism it would mean much if at last the cry "Open the Spanish Frontiers" could be realised, if at last England became aware of her responsibility in Europe.

If Franco wins, then we in Germany stand faced with an almost hopeless prospect. If, however, the democratic States can be called to real action, it will mean much, not only for the numerical increase but also for the inner stability of the German opposition.

This fight does not only concern Spain, it concerns the future of all of us, and the German people await the deciding word!

A GERMAN CITIZEN

ABORTION

SIR,—The revision of the abortion laws is now before the public, and there appears a danger lest it be settled by experts concerned with only one of its important aspects.

May I take your recent courageous and humane statements in a review of *Soviet Communism* to demonstrate the dangerously limited vision brought to bear on this subject by even the most civilised persons to-day?

First, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb (as described in your review) endorse the recent Russian penalisation of abortion and argue that it is justified by the provision of crèches. Secondly, you, though you disapprove the law, say it would be "a sound point if crèches already existed for the majority of working mothers." And thirdly, to many of us, neither the provision of crèches nor of the most Utopian of state-aids, is the slightest of justifications for such a law.

I hold that a well-run crèche is an advance on the average home-rearing, but I refuse to believe that motherhood in the U.S.S.R. is at so low a level that it means no more to a woman than is implied in the finding of such a crèche, and I am convinced that, as you suggest, some of the parents of Russia are choosing to decide this vital question for themselves with, no doubt, the usual tragic results. The implication of the Soviet law and of all endorsement of it is a denial of the place of individual judgment in the intricate values of marital relations and parenthood.

And now that our Minister of Health also has in view some revision of this law, and has set as his terms of reference solely the prevention of maternal mortality and morbidity, it is highly necessary to remind the community that his proposals, when they are made, must satisfy wider terms of reference than these.

Any change in the abortion laws must satisfy the eugenic conscience of this country and must fall in line with its respect for voluntary parenthood—a respect made clear by the widespread use and approval of birth control, to which at present, if parenthood is indeed to be voluntary, the legalisation of abortion is a necessary corollary. JANET CHANCE

Kitelands, Micheldever Station, Winchester.

THE PALESTINE MANDATE

SIR,—I am sorry that Mr. Cohen should have drawn the red herring of my ideology and conduct across what I believed to be the question at issue—whether the terrorist campaign in Palestine is or is not to be explained by the fact that Palestine is a police-State under alien rule.

I am not "pro-Arab." But I am anti-Mandate. I am anti-Mandate because I believe in the right of peoples to determine their own form of government, and the Mandates imposed upon Palestine, Syria, and Iraq after the last war deprived the peoples of those countries of that right. I have full sympathy, therefore, with the aim, though not with all the methods, of the struggle of the Palestine Arabs, which, as I see it, is to secure self-determination for Palestine. This can be achieved only through the abolition of the Mandate, since that is the instrument by which Britain was enabled to impose her rule upon Palestine. This is a political, not a racial, issue. I know many Jews—Orthodox, Liberal, and Socialist—both in Palestine and in this country, who agree that the emancipation of Palestine (a united, not a partitioned, Palestine) from British rule is the necessary condition of a peaceful future for the two peoples. That is fundamentally the point of view expressed, for example, in Professor Norman Bentwich's letter to the *Manchester Guardian* of November 19th, and Viscount Samuel's speech in the House of Lords on July 20th.

Having come to hold this opinion while in the service of the Palestine Government, finding the opinion incompatible with the post, I resigned the post. I cannot see what Mr. Cohen finds so objectionable in this, or why he should regard either my actions or opinions as giving support to the suspicions which he appears to entertain in regard to the impartiality of the Palestine Civil Service.

It is no use pursuing further the question whether either of the proposed Legislative Councils offered an adequate constitutional outlet to the Arab desire for self-government, since here again we are back at fundamentals. In Mr. Cohen's view "the functions of the Council had to be circumscribed owing to the necessity of safeguarding the articles of the Mandate, which form a fundamental part of the system of government." In my view it is precisely the necessity of safeguarding the provisions of the Mandate which makes impossible the establishment of responsible government. And lack of responsible government means, and will continue to mean, terrorism, sabotage, and strikes on the one hand and harsh repressions on the other.

Some aspects of the repressive policy of the Palestine Government—a policy which is frequently a cause of hardship and suffering to Jews as well as Arabs—were dealt with in a letter by Mr. Ronald Kidd to the *Manchester Guardian* of October 6th, in the course of which he remarks:

> Even before the outbreak of the troubles there was frequent, if not almost continuous, interference with the freedom of the press, speech, and assembly, and with normal democratic rights.

The dissolution of the Arab Higher Committee and all national committees in Palestine, and the establishment of summary Military Courts to try a wide range of offences (including "sabotage and intimidation"), are two recent examples of further interference with civil liberties.

The remedy for this situation, I suggest, is to be sought not along the line of blind endorsement of the policy of the Palestine or British Government—cheering every fresh measure of repression as a victory for the forces of order over the forces of barbarism and the desert (an attitude which, though it savours of Nuremberg, is also to be met with at Zurich and on the Labour benches of the House of Commons), but rather on the lines of conciliation indicated by Professor Bentwich and Viscount Samuel: not conciliation *in vacuo*, but conciliation directed towards securing effective self-government for Palestine, involving:

(1) regional autonomy for the Jewish community;

(2) the right to make pacts with, or enter a federation including, the neighbouring Arab States. THOMAS HODGKIN

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Whitehaven, Cumberland.

CHINA RELIEF

SIR,—May I beg the hospitality of your columns for an appeal on behalf of the Clothing and Comforts Committee of the Relief of Distress in China (Lord Mayor's Fund)? Blankets, rugs, towels for babies, linen and bandages for hospitals, warm clothing for men, women and children, knitted garments of all kinds, are desperately needed by the refugees and wounded.

Weekly shipments are going off to China for the relief of distress amongst Chinese, British and others. Money is also needed for medical aid of every kind and food for the starving refugees.

Please give all you can now. Mark all goods "For China," and send to the address below. More helpers are needed to pack and sort. This would hasten the despatch of bales—119 have already been shipped. E. DOROTHEA LAYTON (Lady Layton), Chairman.

121 Westbourne Terrace, W.3.

Miscellany

SEEKING THE ISLAND

Now my life's journey has passed the high places,
I know, having looked out over the waters,
The ocean where the western island was,
That I shall never see its palaces,
Its golden walls where the wise men sit
Heavy with their memory of race, memory deeper
Than reason, the men who never grow old.

But maybe this certainty of losses,
Of time's treachery in lacking hereafter,
The island, where the fountain of knowledge was,
Sunk in the ordinary waves, the terraces
And serene canals no longer lit
With the world's young light ; maybe I, the sleeper,
Have reached there, awakened, and shall never grow old.

RICHARD CHURCH

THE MOVIES

"Lo Squadrone Bianco," at the Academy.
"Live, Love and Learn," at the Empire.
"Stand-In," at the Tivoli (from Sunday).
"Non-stop New York," at the New Gallery (from Monday).
"52nd Street," at the London Pavilion.

Years ago I asked a man if *The Covered Wagon* was a good film. "Yes," he said, "very good ; that is, if you're keen on wagons." *The White Squadron* is a good film—if you're keen on deserts. There are pictures, such as *Dead End* and *They Won't Forget*, so good that it doesn't matter a scrap whether you enter the theatre passionately interested in lynch-law, North *versus* South, and slum conditions in New York, or unaware that such problems exist. For the duration of the film, at least, you are passionately interested. *Lo Squadrone Bianco* is another matter ; it aims at the exaltation of the heroism and self-sacrifice of frontier garrisons in the Libyan Desert, but the story is too hackneyed and Genina's direction —a few sequences apart—too flat to achieve this result. The desert scenes, the native music, the camels—they are all well done ; but they do not quite lift the film out of the Foreign Legion *Bengal Lancer* class.

It would be pleasant to write more enthusiastically of a picture which won the Mussolini Cup for 1936, has run for eight months in Paris, and is clearly the most ambitious recent product of Italian studios. It is not a question of its political implications : there are indeed scarcely any. The film opens with a handsome, firm-jawed hero in the throes of meridional passion ; and it is a pleasant change from namby-pambydom to behold such transports of *amore* and *gelosia* venting themselves in a spirited and full-throated encounter between lover and mistress. Only—as is the way in such operatic duets—we learn nothing of their characters, and it shortly transpires that all this hullabaloo is merely the prelude to the real business in hand, which is the transformation of the callow Mario, applying for colonial service in order to Forget, into a stern soldier prepared to devote his life to the desert. (Now we understand the reason for the old-fashioned sepia tinting ; but I still think black-and-white a better medium, even for desert shots.) Everything proceeds according to formula ; Mario's behaviour, even in the throes of fever, becomes ever more brick-like ; his captain pats his shoulder and clasps his hand with ever growing affection and trust ; when he dies Mario is fully ready to take his place, and firmly dismisses his repentant girl : the desert, we understand, is now his bride.

The Empire presents a problem to the weekly reviewer : nearly every Friday brings a new programme, and the press shows come just too late. It follows that the critic constantly finds himself writing about last week's film. Nevertheless, so pleasant a trifle as *Live, Love and Learn* deserves mention, if only because it provides Robert Benchley with his first full-length part. Just when Montgomery, the artist hero, is beginning to make us a little hot with his talk about getting some of God's sunshine on to the canvas "like Renoir did, and Suzanne," you can count on Mr. Benchley to save the situation with a scrap of his timely and golden lunacy.

Stand-In is another of those movies in which Hollywood mocks itself for its extravagance and general dottiness. We have the always popular spectacle of the Innocent Abroad : that is, a mathematical expert (played by Leslie Howard as an Americanised, mechanised amalgamation of those old cavalry horses, Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare) sent to Hollywood to find out what is wrong with Colossal Films. Naturally, everything is wrong, for Mr. Bogart is about. *Stand-In* amuses, often, but not continually : jokes are repeated, situations rather too lovingly dwelt on, pace lost. To compensate, there is a little brat who delivers a deadly parody of the child actress's goo-goo eyes and hot-cha hips.

There are three grades of movie, it seems to me : (A) worth going out of your way to see ; (B) good enough if you feel like that kind of a night out ; (C) worth going out of your way to avoid. No A's this week ; all the above are B's ; and there are some C's too. *Non-Stop New York* is typical of many English pictures in having no unity of style : the director can never resist holding things up for the sake of a bit of clowning. It is a comedy-murder-drama : you know what that means. *52nd Street* traces the history of a New York street from leisured respectability to night-club haunt ; but that is no more than a framework for some of the lousiest music-hall turns yet screened. A little fun is extracted from old-time comics ; but after that I dozed until the post-war boom years woke me up with a jazzy bang ; and somewhere around 1933 I picked up my hat and went. PETER GALWAY

A TREMENDOUS PLAY AND GREAT ACTING

At the Westminster Theatre is to be seen (and I hope for some time) a most moving modern tragedy. *Mourning Becomes Electra*, through its power and Miss Beatrice Lehmann's wonderful interpretation of Electra (henceforward to be called "Vinny" in this paper) is a play capable of stirring emotion at unusual depth.

Mr. Agate, in whom, when I differ from him too, I always recognise a fervent love of the Stage (not a common trait in clever dramatic critics who usually condescend to it), says that he rates the evening that he spent in the Westminster Theatre among the six keenest experiences of his play-going life. And to that tribute, let me add, even at the cost of appearing ridiculous, a corroborative anecdote. The morning after I had been there, I was greeted with, "What's happened ? Good heavens ! What's happened to you ? Have you been through an emotional upheaval ?" My answer was reassuring. "No, dear me no, purely aesthetic ; I went last night to *Mourning Becomes Electra*. Let's go together to-night." It stirred me the second time as much. At this moment (the curtain is up) it seems foolish to recall the play when I could so easily be there ; but I should like, and it is my duty, to persuade others to go.

The spirit of the times is unfavourable to tragedy, tragi-comedy, and the sentiment "Grin and bear it" is, I think, the highest pitch to which modern sensibility easily rises. This play exceeds that pitch. The genius of Ibsen at the close of his career was purely tragic ; his theme was spiritual death, not regeneration. So is Eugene O'Neill's play. Nowadays people handle the stuff of tragedy in their own lives practically ; they shuffle it out of sight. Even their religion is apt to lack the note so prominent in the gospel, of disillusion. They think optimism akin to piety. The tragic conception of life is too momentous for them. The essence of it is doom—

a dependence on the nature of things, whether the world is interpreted in a religious or in a pagan sense. The elevation of tragedy, and its power to produce exaltation in us, depends on that preliminary admission. There is really only one tragic theme: the helplessness of man, whether he is brought face to face with retribution, as in Greek drama and in this play, or whether, as in Renaissance drama, it is the story of some heroic character dashing himself to pieces against circumstances, Lear, Othello—betrayed from within or without, it does not matter. But there is no situation so terrible that it cannot be relieved by contemplating it, in a pause of the mind, aesthetically. Hence the justification of tragedy as a form of art. In tragedy the sense of suffering is swamped in a sense of life, and imagination gets the better of the understanding.

Mourning Becomes Electra, as its title suggests, is a Greek tragedy. Its theme is retribution and acquiescence in a doom that hangs over a family, as the curse hung over the House of Atreus. At the very end Vinny, the last of her race, passes into the home of her fathers to live there alone with the dead. "O don't be afraid," she says to old Seth the gardener who plays the part of Chorus throughout:

> "Don't be afraid. I'm not going the way Mother and Orin went." (Her mother and her brother were hounded to suicide and by her). "That's escaping punishment. And there's no one left to punish me. I'm the last Mannon. I've got to punish myself. Living alone here with the dead is a worse act of justice than death and prison . . . . I'll live alone with the dead. . . . I know they will see to it I live for a long time! It takes the Mannons to punish themselves for being born."

Reading these last words of the play, which Miss Lehmann delivers with intense dignity before the green doors of the pillared house close behind her, you may conclude that the theme of the play is, like *Rosmersholm*, a "sick conscience"—and so it is. Those words are like the concluding words of Rosmer to Rebecca before they throw themselves together into the mill-stream, where Mrs. Rosmer had drowned herself: "There is no judge over us; therefore we must punish ourselves." And I am inclined to think that apart from the *Agamemnon*, the *Electra* and the *Oresteia*, it is to *Rosmersholm* Mr. O'Neill is most indebted. Vinny, like Rebecca West, struggles in vain against remorse both in her brother and in herself. Conscience, so irrational yet so authoritative, proves too strong; she yearns to mix herself at last with life; she longs after she has driven her brother (Orin-Orestes) to murder her mother's lover (Captain Brant—Aegisthus), and through Orin driven her mother to suicide (Christine Mannon who poisoned her father—Clytemnestra), to begin life again, to forget, to be happy at last. But she can't. The past is too strong, too real. Even when she has made her much loved brother take his life and she is at last free of that poor broken wreck, free to marry his friend and be happy, she cannot: the dead come in between. In the end she must punish herself. From this point of view *Mourning Becomes Electra* (misery deep as hell is the inevitable and fitting doom of an Electra) is a play, and a greater one, on the theme of *Rosmersholm*. But there is more in it than that. Like Ibsen's tragedy it raises, without answer, the question, which flaccid minds ignore. What is it in the very nature of things that condemns nature? In a sense Eugene O'Neill like Ibsen is on the side of the joy of life, the natural good, but, like Ibsen, he is also intensely interested in that mysterious conflict from which religion and all idealistic philosophy draw their secret force.

There is a curse upon the House of Mannon because the Mannons have ignored the natural good. They are a New England family in whom the Calvinistic tradition is still alive though decadent. The scene is laid at the close of the American Civil War; and Vinny is a flower of that stock. Her father, judge and soldier, is her pattern; her adoration of him has put a moral cramp upon her nature, a clog upon every movement in her of instinctive passion and sympathy. And Ezra Mannon? He is a frigid, imposing tyrant—whose fanatical imagination doubtless cannot regard God as just unless he is regarded as cruel. As a husband he was insupportable; a biting critic, denying that his natural impulses were himself, methodically and fiercely making love. And he was married to a weak, passionate, impulsive woman, who had come to loathe him. (Here let me say how deeply Miss Laura Cowie *felt* this part; there was not a moment while she was on the stage when she did not obviously feel herself to be Christine Mannon.) While Ezra Mannon and his son were at the front Christine took a lover, who, to conceal his wooing, made up to Vinny and won a love she passionately denies. Vinny discovers the intrigue between Brant and her mother; unconscious jealousy gives a remorseless edge to her own misery and to her icy severity towards Christine. One of the many fine scenes is one in which Vinny, threatening to tell her father, compels her mother to swear to part from Brant, and thereby turns her into a Clytemnestra. Ezra suffers from heart-disease; it will be so easy, so safe—to poison him, if Brant will get the dose. Reluctantly he consents, for Ezra never will divorce her, and he will see that Brant shall never get another ship. Agamemnon comes home, and in a bedroom scene the fatal dose is administered. Vinny enters; her mother faints, and Vinny finds the poison. Here ends Act I.

The creed of the Mannons is that sin must be punished and that it is beautiful it should be—desperate concern at his own predicament and tragic exultation about a world which is governed by a merciless Providence are the marks of the Calvinist. They are embodied in Vinny. During this act Miss Lehmann is in every gesture, in every tone, in every glance, the embodiment of ruthless superiority. In the next, still the constrained, terrible, prim-violent little woman, she stirs up her war-broken brother to avenge their father: Brant must die. Appeal to his sense of justice (the scandal of a murder trial must be avoided) fails, but she awakes his jealousy. For Orin hates his father, and passionately loves his mother.

The only weak scene in this terrific play is the scene on Brant's ship when Orin shoots him. It is also the one passage where Mr. Robert Harris, so subtly right and moving in the concluding act when the furies of remorse hunt him to his death, does not come up to the text. Orin's frenzy of jealousy makes him tell his mother that he followed her and shot her lover. She kills herself behind those Mannon doors which hide and betray so much, and Orin cannot forgive himself. Before Christine disappears behind them there is a confrontation between her and Vinny. For the first and last time it is Vinny who wilts. Before the blazing misery and despair in her mother's eyes she recoils. "Mother, what are you going to do? You can live." "Live!" cries Christine, and from within we hear the shot. Vinny advances to the front of the stage (at this moment the actress was sublime in intensity); she whispers with clenched hands "It is *justice*."

And yet, something has happened to shatter Vinny as well as Orin, who is in a frenzy of despair. The two nights on which I saw the play, Miss Lehmann did not mark enough the significance of that last confrontation: it is profoundly important, for henceforth Vinny is to feel more and more like her mother, craving for the forgetfulness and happiness of instinctive life; while Orin, tortured by remorse, takes on the nature of his ruthless father. It is difficult to persuade others on paper that the last act, "The Haunted," should not be an anti-climax after the other two. It is the triumph of the dramatist and his interpreters that, if anything, it proves more moving, more disturbing. Here Miss Lehmann shows herself no longer rigid, but an artist in pathetic passion, and Mr. Harris interprets the subtle cunning and sudden meek collapses of one half-mad with the greatest skill. He knows that Vinny wishes he was dead; and against her *will*, driven like her mother by her longing for happiness into crime, she prevents his friend running after Orin to stop him shooting himself. That is a wonderful moment when she flings her arms round Peter Niles, gabbling love and hope; almost (not quite) as wonderful as that when she discovers she must in the end let Peter go. Then comes her last acquiescence in "fate."

To-day it is through the conception of the subconscious, a dark irrational power which steers us from our birth, that we

come nearest to sharing the Greek conception of fate. Throughout Mr. O'Neill has made masterly use of that awareness of unconscious motive in his characters: Vinny's smothered love of Brant, her envy of her mother, Orin's unconscious passion for his mother and sympathy with his father. The production is admirable, only here and there a fault. The recurrence of that charming melody, "Shenandoah," though twice sung by a drunken man, should affect us more as a reminder of the beauty and sweetness of life; Orin, unseen, should give a great cry from within when he finds his mother's body. The part of Seth is also important and Mr. Abbott was curiously good; Seth understands, like a Greek chorus, the doom of the House of Mannon.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Golden Arrow" at Tooths

The Golden Arrow is an annual exhibition of French nineteenth-century painting organised by Messrs. Tooths. The present show is made memorable by two Courbets, which, in spite of four Renoirs (including an important nude and a lovely portrait) and a Cézanne, tower above everything else. Courbet's beach has the tension of a Cézanne. The rocks are so fixed and the sand so fast that there seems no possibility of their ever being different. Under an immense sky a narrow strip of blue becomes a brimming ocean. The snow scene is more beautiful. If one recalls stories of Courbet painting in the snow, warming his hands between brush strokes at a fire tended by shivering friends, it is because this picture is so completely realised that any other method seems out of the question—there is such cold sparkle on the snowy branches, such ice-cathedral chill in the glade beyond. Though the paint itself is ravishing, there is no secret to be learnt from it. The magic of Courbet (and of Cézanne) is in perception. This exhibition provides excellent examples of the descent from perceiving or creative artists to the beautiful painters. The snow scene and the houses at Auvers by Pissarro, the first deriving its exquisite detail from Courbet, the second akin to Cézanne, by their beauty in detail and their relative pettiness as complete pictures show clearly how much more there is in pictures than beautiful transitions and matiere. Pissarro, Sisley (a very pretty Sisley) are precursors of the beautiful painting, based on technique rather than vision, which has had so enfeebling an influence on the art of the past thirty years. There are also works by Boudin, Jongkind, Manet, Gauguin and Van Gogh.

"Cymbeline," at the Embassy

Admit that Shakespeare at the age of forty-five had lost his interest in the theatre, admit that he never suffered very much from an "artistic conscience"—even so, it is impossible to understand how the author of *Othello* and *Antony and Cleopatra* could then write so clumsy a play as *Cymbeline*. Apart from the wretched handling of the plot, the verse varies between abject doggerel and unsurpassed poetry. It is silly to say that everything you don't like in Shakespeare must have been written by someone else, but surely the most probable explanation of *Cymbeline* is the presence of "another hand." Mr. Bernard Shaw has rewritten part of the last act on the assumption that this is the weak spot in the play. Apart from the ghosts, the last act seems to us by no means the worst. The gaoler, whom Mr. Shaw has abolished, is signed "Shakespeare" in every sentence, and the various knots are untied quite as neatly as they usually are. In a note he compares his alteration to Mozart's addition to the score of *The Messiah*. Of course, he knows that there is no analogy. He has written a five-minute charade, with a few wisecracks about the Abdication, and it is quite good fun. We are reminded of the *Dramatic Sequels* written by St. John Hankin for *Punch*. But having sat for four acts listening often to nonsense, we did not enjoy being cheated of the line which Mr. Granville Barker says would alone make the play worth acting, Posthumus's miraculous cry: "Hang there like fruit, my soul, till the tree die." Perhaps we should be grateful that Mr. Shaw did not use this to raise a laugh. The production at the Embassy is in no sense felicitous. Mr. William Devlin in the poor part of Pisanio gives the only really good performance, though Miss Olga Lindo is very competent as the Queen. Mr. George Hayes so hissed Iachimo's wonderful lines in the bedroom scene that all their beauty and most of their sense were lost. The Imogen had much in common with an Academy picture of 1880. Altogether a most unlucky evening.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, November 26th—
China Demonstration, including film "China Fights for Freedom," Friends House, 8.

SATURDAY, November 27th—
National Council for Civil Liberties Week-end Conference. Speakers: Kingsley Martin, Dingle Foot and W. H. Thompson. Old Jordan's Hostel, nr. Beaconsfield.
"Seed of Adam," Rudolf Steiner Hall, 3 and 8.30.
Handel's "Samson," Royal Choral Society, Albert Hall.
"Professor Bernhardi," A.D.C. Theatre, Cambridge.
"Sacrifice," by Rabindranath Tagore, Working Men's College Theatre Group, Maurice Hall, Crowndale Road. Tickets 1s. 3d.

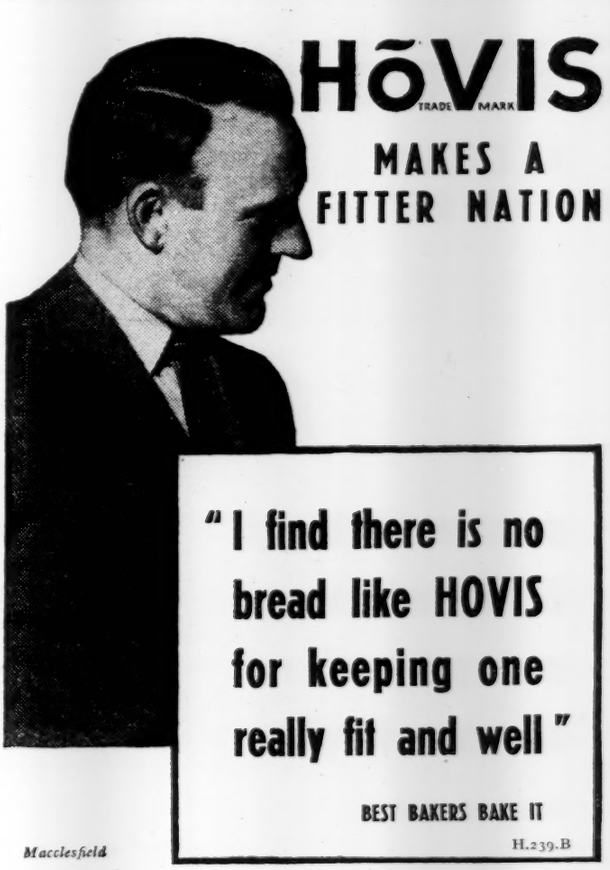
SUNDAY, November 28th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "Twenty-five Years of South Place," Conway Hall, 11.
Peace Pledge Union Public Meeting. Subject: "Peace and *No* But—" Speakers include: Rev. Donald Soper, C. E. M. Joad, George Lansbury. Golders Green Hippodrome, 3.
Prof. P. M. S. Blackett on "The Economic and Political Background of the Rise of Science in the 17th Century," 153 Finchley Rd., 6.15.
Debate: "Is Socialism Incompatible with Pacifism?" Willoughby Hall, Hampstead, 8.
"Queen Christina," Stage Society Production, Westminster.

MONDAY, November 29th—
S. L. Chang on "Current Events in China," Youth House, 8.
S.P.G.B. Meeting: "Should the Busmen form a New Union," 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.
"Der Ammenkoenig," Everyman Cinema.
"La Boheme," Covent Garden. Opening of two weeks' season.

TUESDAY, November 30th—
Cecil H. Wilson on "The Success of the Nationalist Pacifist Convention," Friends' House, 1.20.
Freda Utley on "Japan," Morley College, 8.
Kenneth Lindsay on "Education of Youth in Democracy," Mary Ward Settlement, 8.
Hampstead Spanish Relief Committee Public Meeting, Hampstead Town Hall, 8.15.
Arnold Goldsbrough Concert, Queen Mary Hall, 8.30.

WEDNESDAY, December 1st—
Ellen Wilkinson on "The Retreat of Women," Conway Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, December 2nd—
Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.



Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IT is not often that a piece of "bookmaking" turns out well, but *Skye High*, by Hesketh Pearson and Hugh Kingsmill (Hamish Hamilton, 12*s.* 6*d.*), is a remarkable exception. It is a most unblushing piece of bookmaking, but a most amusing book which is well worth reading. This is due to the temperament of the authors: a pair of voluble cronies, both middle-aged men and professional writers, who have such a rejuvenating effect on each other that they talk as though they were twenty. They are more like the pair of foxhound puppies I can watch out of my window, on the green. One picks up a mouthful of straw and lumbers off—the other dashes in pursuit to snatch it from him: they bite and squabble: they live in bliss. You have only to imagine that hounds have brains instead of noses and run about with ideas instead of straw, or bones, to guess what sort of a book they have written. Their idea was to follow in the footsteps of Boswell and Dr. Johnson on their tour through the Highlands and the Hebrides, a holiday which they carried out with the minimum of expense and personal discomfort. Not content with interesting Mr. Hamilton in the project, they had the effrontery to obtain free passes on the L.M.S., on MacBrayne's steamboats and motor-coaches, and a considerable amount of free hotel accommodation. The soft-hearted Scottish directors no doubt believed that Pearson and Kingsmill would write up the beauties of the romantic Highlands, and must be bitterly disillusioned. The pair of friends took almost less notice of the romantic scenery than Boswell and Johnson did: they barely notice the whisky and actually seem to have gone to Skye without tasting Talisker! In one place Pearson remarks that he prefers the scenery of the South Downs, and in another looks out of the window because his ancestors lived at Stonehaven. In another place they compare the Coolins to the cone of a slag-heap; and one feels that the L.M.S. and Messrs. MacBrayne ought to have insisted on being allowed to read the proofs.

* * *

Skye High is almost entirely devoted by the authors to discussing each other's opinions and exhibiting each other's characteristics in a ridiculous light. But whenever the flow of conversation might become a strain, they can stop clowning themselves to remind one of the immortal clowning of Boswell and of Johnson, with whom they have a good deal in common. If they were professional "funny men" the book would not be worth reading beyond the first chapter, but as readers of their books will know, they are both good critics with strong serious interests. One or other party to the conversation is, therefore, always in earnest, and the book is full of unexpected flashes. Hugh Kingsmill, for example, remarks that Johnson supplied A. E. Housman with more than a passing thought, and quotes:

> Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
> Let it wander where it will;
> Call the jockey, call the pander,
> Bid them come and take their fill.
> When the bonny blade carouses
> Pockets full, or spirits high—
> What are acres? What are houses?
> Only dirt, or wet or dry.

A really astonishing likeness which I had never noticed or seen pointed out before, and he goes on to say that Housman was "a diminutive Johnson—none of his tenderness or richness, but a great deal of his sardonic melancholy." Ursa minor, in fact. The likeness is greater than Hugh Kingsmill makes out—since he doesn't mention the bearishness and ferocity which are as much a feature of stories about Housman as they are of those about Johnson. Some of those in *A. E. H.*, the volume of letters and poems with a memoir by Laurence Housman, which is to be published in a few days, are more savage than any stories told of Johnson, because more unsocial. No doubt I enjoyed *Skye High* because I agreed with a good many of the sturdy liberal, individualistic judgments in it, and because, since the authors belong to my own generation, they often reminded me of the talk which went on when I was a young man. One merit of such talk is that one never knows whether it is going to be serious discussion or fooling. Pearson, after a whack at religion, remarked that his hero, Cromwell, "was, as you know, fond of wine, women and song."

> *Kingsmill:* Women?
> *Pearson:* Yes, he was devoted to his mother and daughter.

* * *

In general one may say that Pearson is the Johnson of the pair and Hugh Kingsmill an appreciative and malicious Bozzy. Thus Pearson's opinions are the most violent. Speaking of Caulaincourt's Memoirs, he says of Napoleon:

> The insufferable swine! Bowling across Germany in a post-chaise with Caulaincourt, after leading half a million men on the silliest wild-goose chase in history, and then leaving them to perish in agony while he goes home to scour the schools of France for fresh material . . .

And it is Pearson who makes the most *gaffes* and is most teased but who is endeared to the reader by the violence of his opinions and his errors in fact. The Boswellian character is, of course, less popular with most people than the Johnsonian, and one of the most interesting passages in the book is the discovery they made that Boswell is still in disgrace at Auchinleck, where the travellers were very kindly received by one of his collateral descendants:

> *Kingsmill:* We must have seemed to them to have gone there with the express purpose of dragging the family skeleton down from the attic and placing him at the head of the table. . . . I imagine the very last straw is that the family which was ruined by the gambling laird they admire has been rehabilitated by the blackguard who let the monster Johnson loose in the family domains.
> *Pearson:* Yes, a hundred thousand pounds for old papers relating to the family skeleton and his frowsy Fleet Street pal. A nasty jar!

And he adds that Boswell's great offence was that he assumed people would be eager to talk about the things that they really thought about.

I don't think that it was the subjects Boswell talked about which gave offence, but his entire absence of dignity. The vast majority of people would rather have dignity than genius: Lord Curzon rather than Dan Leno in the family tree.

* * *

Skye High, filled by a review of each of the authors' stud of hobby-horses, and keeping even less to the subject of Johnson than they did to the actual itinerary, ends with a most interesting little bit of biography by Pearson on the subject of Ogden. Boswell, it will be remembered, had an intense admiration for Ogden's Sermons and Ogden on Prayer, an enthusiasm which was most galling to Johnson, but which he could not easily make a subject for reproach. His Scottish tour over, Pearson put in some spade work at the British Museum, and Ogden is revealed as a monster. The worst story about him is as follows: cherries were stolen from his orchard, and Ogden taxed the boy he suspected with having stolen them and made him swear to his innocence. He then poured out an emetic, made the boy drink it and held forth on Divine Punishment while the potion worked and the cherries were thrown up. The picture we are given of this abrupt, overbearing and uncouth scholar who was the author of the remark "A goose is a silly bird—too much for one and not enough for two," is the chief contribution made to the subject of Boswell and Johnson. Without it one might echo Pearson's irritated rejoinder: Why drag Johnson in? The strength and the weakness of the book is that one believes that its authors' talk is always as good as represented. Actually, I suppose, they may not have made a remark to each other on the whole trip, but have scribbled with silent determination. DAVID GARNETT

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OUR HIDALGO

Don Roberto: Being the Account of the Life and Works of R. B. Cunninghame Graham, 1852—1936. By A. F. TSCHIFFELY. *Heinemann.* 15s.

The mingled races of our Disunited Kingdom do from time to time throw up a wild and untamable creature who is both a gallant adventurer and a poet or writer of prose. Such have been Byron, Trelawny, Burton, Scawen Blunt, Hudson, Lawrence of Arabia, and one could certainly find others among the dead and the living. Up to now, Don Roberto, as Cunninghame Graham was so generally called, is the last conspicuous example of this fascinating nature, and for adventure and power of prose he ranks high among the rest. Partly Lowland Scot, partly Spaniard, he united qualities that are seldom mixed—courage, persistence, endurance, together with courtesy, eloquence, and a love of uncivilised existence among primitive peoples. But that rough existence he could rapidly exchange for polished society and beauty in all its forms.

Mr. Tschiffely was the right man to write the complicated story of such a man's life, and to leave for those who never knew his hero some account of his appearance and spirit. Don Roberto had been naturally attracted to him by the accounts in South American papers of the long and perilous ride from Buenos Aires to Washington with two unyielding horses, which he brought through in good condition. It was an amazing feat—fifteen thousand miles in something under three years, and the full story of it was told, with all its dangers and hardships, by Don Roberto himself in *Tschiffely's Ride*, included in that summary of Roberto's own wanderings and adventures called *Rodéo*.

While they were sitting together in Roberto's home overlooking the Clyde, Roberto firmly refused to write his own Life, but entrusted his friend with carrying out the task. The present book is the result, and a difficult task it must have been. As Roberto then said, his Life was told in his books, but the personal story had to be pieced together, and there were masses of old documents and letters to be consulted, especially his very numerous letters to his mother. The deciphering of all his letters must alone have been a labour. His handwriting was the worst but one I have ever seen, and he always wrote everything with his own hand. His letters to me and the occasional articles he wrote for the *Daily Chronicle* when I was its literary editor, often made me gasp in despair, and often the only part I was quite sure of was the complicated maze or "rubric" such as Spaniards add to their signatures as an assurance of their validity. About that at least there could be no doubt, but the meaning of the letter itself was hard to explore. Yet Mr. Tschiffely has contrived with patience to make his way through all these horrific documents, and so has given us a full and fascinating account of his hero's strange and often perilous existence, from his birth at Gartmore on the Clyde (he was obliged to sell that old family estate in 1903) up to his death in Buenos Aires only last year.

Like everyone who knew him, I had an unusual admiration for Cunninghame Graham, partly for his restrained power of prose, but chiefly for his rare personality. He had not the novelist's gift of story-telling. There is no plot or elaboration in his work. His scenes are mainly reminiscences of what he had witnessed or suffered or dared. As he said, they are autobiography, but each scene is painted with the vivid colouring and accuracy that come only from a deeply sympathetic or even imaginative observation. We feel that he was happiest and most at home in the vast regions of South America which civilisation had not touched. Even when I was with him in a train from Glasgow to London, and he sat there (perfectly dressed—"always an impenitent and unashamed dandy," as Bernard Shaw wrote of him) he appeared to be talking to Labour Members and Socialists, but in my mind he was really riding a mustang or broncho far away on the Pampas or in Paraguay or Venezuela. And whenever I saw him quietly trotting in the Row (always sitting rather too stiffly upright, as I thought) it seemed that his eyes, looking steadily in front, were really watching for a possible attack of Indians or Gauchos. He was in every respect the true Cavalier. His sympathy with horses was as keen as though he were a horse himself, and his pathetic account of a London cab-horse reared on the Pampas and slowly worn to death in our streets is the model of imaginative feeling for the oppressed. It is called "Calvary."

He could identify himself with all animals in distress, including man, and the last time I was with him was at a Foyle Lunch to welcome Axel Munthe, the protector of the birds at Capri. But I remember him also as the orator upon the Plinth in Trafalgar Square, the very replica of a Velasquez portrait—brown hair wildly thrown back, pointed reddish beard, one hand, with pointed finger, raised to Heaven in appeal against man's injustice or greed, a cloak flung Spanishwise over the shoulder, the resonant voice sounding indignation right up to the National Gallery.

For his attempt to force his way into the Square to maintain the right of free speech in the Sunday riot of 1887, he was imprisoned for six weeks, but he always declared he was no Socialist, and as a Member of Parliament his position was dubious. As an extreme revolutionary and an obvious aristocrat he was welcomed by neither Party. William Morris called him, "Too bloody politeful," and when he denounced Honourable Members opposite as shareholders in swindling companies, and was "suspended from the Service of the House," he only observed, "Suspend away! I don't care a damn!" and stalked out, having in mind, one may believe, his favourite horse, Pampa, waiting for him in some wild and distant land.

In spite of my lifelong admiration for this perfect, gentle knight, our friendship was broken for some years because he bitterly attacked my friend, Roger Casement, while I with many others was working in vain for his reprieve. After reading my account of the circumstances in *Last Changes, Last Chances*, he wrote me a frank letter repeating his charges against Casement, but adding:

> Of course I shall not convince you. Whoever was convinced by facts? Let us shake hands upon the one fact, that the man you thought worthy of respect and I did not, was brave.

Certainly I was not convinced, but I agree with Mr. Tschiffely's added note:

> Due to the great admiration Nevinson and Don Roberto had for one another, this difference of opinion was soon overcome, and the two remained friends.

Only last year that true Caballéro, protesting against nurses, rode gallantly into death in the South American regions he loved so well, and if ever he should meet the white horse of The Revelation, I am sure he will be found patting his neck and offering to mount him, with lasso and bolas on his arm.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

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Introduction by Walter Lippmann.

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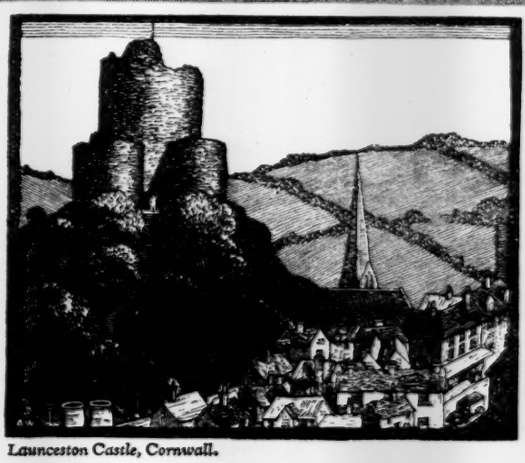

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T.T.182D

"FREE HAND IN THE EAST"

Watch Czechoslovakia! By RICHARD FREUND. *Nelson.* 2s. 6d.

It is to be hoped that everybody interested in the future of Europe (including Britain) will read this little book. In just over a hundred pages, the author of *Zero Hour* has stated, with the maximum of clarity and conciseness, the essentials of the Czechoslovak "problem," and the immense implications of a German attack on that country of which Bismarck has already said: "Whoever is master of Bohemia is master of Europe." At a time when, in connection with Lord Halifax's visit to Berlin, or in any other connection, our Garvins and Rothermeres, and even more important people, preach a "settlement with Germany"—a phrase which inevitably implies a free hand for Germany in the East, and a reaffirmation of what Mr. Eden called "the comfortable doctrine that we can live secure in a Western European glass house"—Mr. Freund's book should act like a broom for sweeping away a great deal of this comfortable, complacent, loose and plainly bad thinking. "Thinking," in fact, is hardly the word; for has any of these "thinkers" ever tried to visualise what a "free hand" for Germany in the East would ultimately mean?

That is the question to which Mr. Freund gives an answer; though one with which not everybody will fully agree.

He reminds us of certain facts of the past, which are, unfortunately, only too often forgotten. For instance, the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. In 1918 Germany had come very near to dominating, directly or indirectly, both the Eastward lines of expansion, the Northern line running from Berlin to Warsaw, down to the Ukraine and the Caucasus; and the Southern line running through Bohemia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Asia Minor; both lines ultimately meeting in Mesopotamia, near the Gulf of Persia. Czechoslovakia is the key to the whole system; if Czechoslovakia goes, Germany gains access to Rumanian oil and to Ukrainian wheat and becomes, before long, the mistress of Europe. "Given a decade of peaceful penetration on these lines," Mr. Freund says, "Germany [had she not lost the war in the West in 1918], might have been in a position to strike at the very heart of the British Empire." But Mr. Freund admits that "the argument that a German conquest of Czechoslovakia might ultimately threaten the British Empire in the Near East is far above the head of that elusive person, the average Englishman." Actually, one may doubt whether it is necessary to use such "unconvincing" arguments. The matter is perhaps even simpler.

The Gulf of Persia may be Germany's ultimate goal, but long before she reaches it she will be dominating the whole of Eastern and Central Europe—if she is given a "free hand" against Czechoslovakia.

No doubt, looking at it purely selfishly, we might say that during the time Germany has completed her victorious progress towards the Gulf of Persia, Britain and France may go on living a peaceful life in a paradise of complacency. What will democracies not stand? Yet one cannot help disagreeing in this connection with Mr. Freund's conclusion, or rather implication, that an unopposed German attack on Czechoslovakia will necessarily be followed by continuous expansion towards the East. The French have a formula: "after Sadowa, Sedan." Is it not more probable that after conquering Czechoslovakia, and gaining access to the Rumanian wheat and oil supplies, Germany will, now immensely better equipped for war, turn back and launch a frontal attack on France, *now no longer assisted by any allies in the East?* That seems a far more immediate danger than any German conquest of Mesopotamia and India. It is actually doubtful whether Germany's primary objective in the East is to occupy vast territories, through which she would scatter her forces. Mr. Freund aptly reminds us how in 1918 Germany maintained an army of occupation of one million men in Eastern Europe; a force which might have made all the difference on the Western Front. Since not only the diplomatic, but physical destruction of France is Hitler's ultimate goal, is it not more probable that Germany will carefully refrain, in the first place, from engaging herself too deeply in Eastern Europe, and from repeating the error of 1918? While one may differ with Mr. Freund in the interpretation of "a free hand in the East," his book is excellent; his strictly impartial account of the Sudeten-German question, in which not only the Czech case, but also the Sudeten grievances are carefully stated, is particularly good; and the chapters on the military resistance of which the Czechs would, in different circumstances, be capable, and on the German prospects of turning Czechoslovakia into a "second Spain" are of the greatest topical interest. Perhaps Mr. Freund takes too rosy a view of the fundamental cohesion of the Little Entente as a military unit—one has to reckon with people like Stoyadinovitch; but he is probably right in saying that "on balance" the chances are for a Russian intervention, were Czechoslovakia to be attacked. Only, it is not true that "Russia has never fought a successful war outside her own frontiers"; what about 1877, and all her wars of conquest before that? But that is only a detail. On the whole, Mr. Freund has done a small, but first-rate job which should do much to put an end to the absurd belief that "the French commitments in Central and Eastern Europe are the cause of the present international unrest."

A. B.

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OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

Helen's Tower. By HAROLD NICOLSON. *Constable.* 15s.

On the white wrapper of *Helen's Tower* there is a small but distinct, pretty vignette of the Tower itself, which sets the note of the book—intimate charm. Inside the wrapper, the publisher says: "Harold Nicolson has conceived the idea of writing his memoirs in an original form. He hopes to produce a series of volumes under the general title of 'In Search of the Past.' Each of the volumes will centre around some interesting figure whom Harold Nicolson has known personally and whose character and career will be treated, partly in narrative form, and partly in terms of his own memory and states of mind."

The project is interesting. There are two pasts. There is one's own—largely subjective, private, an annexe of one's identity, a past whose value shifts and is constantly modified, a past for which one can only search in oneself. This is the past one *calls* up. Then there is the past one *looks* up—the outside or public past, which is static, official. One may reinterpret this, but one must be objective in writing it down. Mr. Nicolson has undertaken, in *Helen's Tower*, to make these two different pasts interact. He is to regard at once history and feeling. He is to write a book that shall be at once informative and a work of art. He must suffuse the book in personal colour, and at the same time keep facts clear of distorting memory. He must make it equally palpable

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More than once, when scribbling their little " sermons " in these columns, the Gosses have remembered the story of this curate, for no matter whether the heading be " Doormats," " Doodles," " Dungarees," or " Ditch-water," the inevitable conclusion is Goss's " Infant Baptism," which is Goss Tailoring.

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The other day we had a note from the wife of a customer : " Why did you tell my husband that his overcoat was all right ? For months I have been telling him that he needs a new one. What's the best stuff for moths ? "

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that he is writing about Lord Dufferin *because* Lord Dufferin was his uncle, and, at the same time, that he knows how to write about him as though he were *not* his uncle.

Lord Dufferin, thus, appears alternately in two theatres : public life, family memory. He is judged by two standards—so far as judgment appears in the obliqueness, the irony of Mr. Nicolson's style. As the uncle, he appears throughout impeccable : he was gracious to Miss Plimsoll, tipped, patted or simply suffered his nephew at what may have been some crisis in his career. As the public man, the now adult Mr. Nicolson must re-examine him. To the child, the grown-up person is impassible. To the grown-up, the fellow grown-up is a mosaic of weaknesses—glazed over, perhaps, by an impermeable moral excellence, or by persisting charm.

Was Lord Dufferin a great man ? Miss Plimsoll failed to allay Mr. Nicolson's first doubts. It is the continuance of the doubt—always tender, never quite unfriendly—that is likely to make *Helen's Tower* so sympathetic. Lord Dufferin's career, at Court, on missions, as Governor-General, Viceroy, Ambassador, is related with excellent clearness, only blurred here and there by patches of speculation. The man, what went to make him, the ruling ideas behind his policy stand out well. Pertinent incidents are both well found and well pictured. At its best, Mr. Nicolson's writing is succinct and businesslike. At its worst, it is far too agreeable. Then, what he has to say goes down like a pill in butter.

This is a picture of an aristocrat. Lord Dufferin combined stern honour with luxuriant fancies. In taste, he indulged his imagination ; in conduct, he was wholly ruled by his conscience. He appears to have been romantic, upright, sensitive, tenacious, astute. He loved pomp with the simplicity of a pious man. His good judgment and a succession of crises made him an opportunist *malgré lui*—his mobility may have been a factor in this : he was always on the spot just before anyone else. Protestantism focused his mariolatry on his mother, then on her memory—Helen's Tower itself, at Clandeboye, is the shrine to this. He was a Liberal who disbelieved in Home Rule. Was he a man always at work, with infinite moral care, on a self-portrait ? His kindness and charm were—and will remain, till the last of a generation dies off—bywords. Possibly there is no absolute in greatness. He was great in his context. His behaviour was in a tradition he honoured ; he served a system he saw no reason to question ; each decision he made—Imperial, international or domestic—must have been made in the light of his entire morality. Rightly to make one's effect is a great part of one's duty. His most glorious appointment was India, his most difficult Paris. Miss Plimsoll thought him the greatest man in the world.

But what is all this about Miss Plimsoll ? What sort of counterpoise is she meant to make ? She must be where the " states of mind " come in. But Mr. Nicolson has not established her relevance. As a biography of Lord Dufferin, the main parts of *Helen's Tower* are ably architected. But are the personal lunettes functional, or just pretty ? Is one meant to look through them, or just at them ? Do they, in any important sense, approach Lord Dufferin, or his age, to us ? Yes, they do afford a domestic view of him. But do they offer, even from the most oblique angle, further insight into the problems of being Lord Dufferin ? They have little time-colour. These are pictures of any child in any great house. The easy conclusion is, that the Plimsoll interludes were fun for Mr. Nicolson (to write about, not to live through) and ought to be fun for us. *Helen's Tower* may, of course, beg questions as to relevance by its claim to a new form. But, however new the form, everything must integrate. Deeper thinking than seems to have gone to it was necessary, to justify Miss Plimsoll. The newer the form, the more clearly it has to show its own artistic necessities. Fun is nice, but it has to be necessary.

Mr. Nicolson's own experience is valuable : he writes of the setting, the family, with inside knowledge. Some of the Clandeboye passages are excellent. A few are over-written. Let Mr. Nicolson not be the prey of his own good writing. There is a frighteningly fine line between accomplishment and facility. Here is a writer who is unusual in his command of both matter and manner. His readers, in honour to him, can hardly be too exacting. *How* he tells what he has to tell is vital. Privacy is on the retreat now ; curiosity has things its own way. At least, then, let us try to civilise curiosity.

More and more great houses are having glass fronts fitted ; numbers of great families are recruited for literature. To the insatiable public, almost nothing remains inaccessible. This is democracy realised. Is it to be a pity ? *Helen's Tower*, and its promised successors, are likely to be important in determining this.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

DELECTABLE LYND

In Defence of Pink. By ROBERT LYND ("Y. Y."). Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER. *Dent.* 6*s.*

One reads him; one gives up reading him. For weeks, perhaps, he has gone untouched, like fruit on the sideboard. "A little Y. Y.?" "Thanks, I'm off that." Then, after a while, the inclination reappears; and he is amazingly the same, the pleasure, too, of tasting him is restored. There is in nearly all of us a mild Nero, fiddling while the world burns, to whom at one time or another he appeals. He is a writer who works by sympathy. In certain moods, I find, he fits me exactly. In certain moods only—possibly I should not be reviewing him at all; but his whole-time admirers and his detractors, between them, make a poor job of it.

You may have noticed that there are two ways of reviewing Mr. Lynd. The one, widely adopted, is this (to quote his publisher): "It may be something profound, it may be something ironical, but it will certainly be entertaining, whether it is about 'The First Fly' and 'Railway Stations I have Loved,' or 'The Right to feel Disappointed' and 'Low Jinks.'" Those catalogues—to which the reviewer carefully works up—seem designed to hit you as sardonic parody. "Whether he writes about cockroaches or Buddha" or some such phrase must be engraved on the heart of every essayist who reads his notices. This attitude on the part of the reviewers, needless to say, is reinforced by flat praise: no dissenting word allowed.

The other thing to do is to damn. It must be an unequivocal damn. The words "charm," "whimsy," "escape" are introduced with a sneer, the essayist is compared with the writer of advertisements, Lamb is mentioned, and to complete this sort of review you should preferably be unknown and incapable of writing one sentence as well as the man you are dismissing. This for the minority, the reprint magazine.

But why drag in Lamb (whom of course the reviewer detests)? And, if you are praising, why make the object of your praise identical with every other essayist who has ever written? For the purposes of reviewing, it seems, one either likes all essays or none.

In Y. Y. there are, of course, traces of this generic essayist who sits at the elbow of everyone with a weekly article to write and no chance of switching off. One article tends to be much like the next; surprise (an element I value in writing) has been ruled out; the mask of intimacy is deceptive. He takes a middle course in literature as in life, and from time to time drops in those sentences which make it possible to begin another paragraph or introduce a final turnabout. "The truth is"—what? "The truth is, butter can be properly described only by a poet." Every kind of writing carries its own stupidity; this is the essayist's self-parody. Probably it is a sentence which he would not write now, for I came across it looking for the first appearance of Y. Y. in these pages. In 1921 the Y. Y. essay was a little longer, considerably more moralistic and less graceful, than it is to-day. Otherwise how little he has changed! Then, perhaps, he was seeking a tolerant middle age, now he has found it. Montaigne has tended to disappear, and Grossmith and Burnand to emerge, with the years. A long time ago I read the *Diary of a Nobody*: am I wrong in thinking there's a touch of it in Lynd, that in fact he is a somebody masquerading, week after week, as a nobody? It is a delightful nobody who confronts, in this book, a moose, who sits about hotel lounges he dislikes, who lies late in bed reading a newspaper. Without newspapers, one feels, he would hardly exist; they provide him with some of his funniest starts. "We in Durand Gardens"—I remember the letter in the *Daily Express*—"know what Socialism really means." When I read it I thought "Lynd isn't likely to miss that"; and, of course, he didn't. But his comments were humorously sympathetic. Is there any revelation of harmless activity for which he does not feel sympathy? Let us suppose he is discussing bad verse (a subject by the way which sooner or later all essayists discuss). Such verse, if spontaneous enough, makes us all laugh; he sees, too, the *pleasure* of writing it. The taxpayer, the newspaper reader, the wireless listener, the patent-medicine swallower, the singing abstainer, the drinker at closing-time, the football or movie fan, the educationist ("Has education failed?")—a whole battalion of Strube-like little men trot through his pages. They are funny to watch; they are deeply funny because their enjoyments are hinted at. It is as the annalist of simple pleasures that Lynd appeals more than any other essayist writing to-day.

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(*Slow*) Though drunkards with jesting revile him,
While boasting the wine's ruddy light,
He pities their sin and their blindness,

(*Quick*) And sings "I will drink water bright
Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!
And sings I will drink water bright,
Ha, ha!"

A lady writes to him, complaining wittily of the Aunt of popular legend, and he looks up Aunts in Benham's dictionary of quotations. Two entries meet his eye. The first runs: "If my aunt had been a man, she'd have been my uncle"; the second, "If my aunt had wheels she would be an omnibus." In the discovery of such treasure one needs a dowser's touch. Thurber, now, could hardly walk into a drawing-room without dowsing everything. Lynd uses the gift sparingly but infallibly. The ruminative middle-age which spreads from essay to essay and back for seventeen years, is lit by strange lights from earlier, pre-essayist days. At thirty, we learn from an essay in the present collection, horrified one morning by the realisation that he could not tell a martin from a swallow, he began to study birds intensively, listening in lanes, chasing the rumour of a kingfisher or a Dartford warbler. From childhood we have a wild gleam:

> I remember bringing the whole household to my nursery with shouts of "Murder! Murder!" because I was being tormented beyond human endurance by a fly that would not let me sleep. The shouts, I think, were justified.

Copy-hunting is the bane of essayists. "What am I to write about this week?" is the real mood out of which much is written. With Lynd, we feel often that his subject comes and feeds out of his hand.

G. W. STONIER

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MEDICINE IN U.S.S.R.

Socialised Medicine in the Soviet Union. By DR. HENRY E. SIGERIST, with a Foreword by SIDNEY WEBB. *Gollancz.* 15s.

There has for some time been a need for a comprehensive and up-to-date account of public health work in the Soviet Union. This need has now been met in a way which will interest not only medical men, but also the larger section of the general public which seeks to follow the course of events in U.S.S.R.

Dr. Sigerist is professor in the history of medicine at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and he brings to his task a wide knowledge of medicine in other countries; and also, one should add, unlimited energy and courage. He believes that the medical system of a country cannot be studied apart from the general social, economic and political background. Hence, capitalist medicine is and must be quite a different thing from socialised medicine. In accordance with this view, the first chapter of his book is occupied by a long disquisition on Marxism, the Russian Revolution and the new social order. This may be logically necessary, but it will certainly militate against the persuasive influence of the work. What may be called the totalitarian approach to a subject like this has both advantages and disadvantages. On the whole, however, it is perhaps a pity that the author lays so much stress on the extent to which public health work in U.S.S.R. is a necessary outcome of Soviet Communism, since there is a strong case for socialised medicine even under capitalism; and this case is weakened if it is made to appear inherently impossible to obtain socialised medicine without fundamental upheaval in almost every other department of life.

The scope of the book is extremely wide. Dr. Sigerist deals with the training of doctors, nurses and intermediate grades; the organisation of the medical profession and the conditions under which its members are employed; the structure of the public health authorities and the nature of their work; maternity and child welfare; the methods of dealing with prostitution and crime; the situation in regard to housing and the establishment of public utilities; the introduction of hygienic practices in the handling of food products; the means adopted to attack infectious and other diseases; the advances made in increasing hospital accommodation; the school and factory medical services; the problem of food and dietetics; the development of health resorts and natural waters; social insurance; and many other topics. On the whole, the author is better at dealing with medical questions than with matters relating to construction works or large-scale organisation. Thus, there is very little on the subject of water supply and sanitation, both of which are of essential importance in Russia to-day. Again, the account of the housing conditions in Moscow is misleading. The new construction called for by the successive Five Year plans is put forward prominently in the text with only a small footnote on another page stating that "the construction plan for 1936 was not fulfilled, so that part of the work had to be carried on to 1937." In fact, the Moscow authorities have never come anywhere near fulfilling their housing plan in any year for which figures are available; and Sir Ernest Simon has shown that there were 12 square metres per head in Moscow in 1920, 5.9 in 1928, 4.3 in 1933, and 4.5 in 1936. This deterioration in the position is not indicated sufficiently by the remark that "the city still is as crowded as ever." Again, one takes leave to doubt the statement that "the Soviet system of social insurance is infinitely superior to any insurance system in capitalist countries . . . the benefits are infinitely greater than under any other insurance scheme"—a statement unsupported by relevant data.

One mentions the caution with which such statements as these must be accepted because Dr. Sigerist's enthusiasm tends to run away with him at times. But having uttered the warning, one can share his undisguised admiration for the astonishing achievements of the regime and his wholehearted belief in the unlimited future which awaits it in the sphere of health. The old division between public health and private health has become meaningless in the Soviet Union. The entire medical, nursing and specialist personnel is organised into a unified army whose sole object is to improve the physical and mental well-being of the people in every respect. The whole service is provided entirely free of charge. The contrast between what existed under the Tsar and the present situation almost takes away one's breath. One example will serve to illustrate. Tuberculosis has for long been one of the worst killing diseases in Russia. Yet in the whole Russian Empire in 1914 there were only 45 tuberculosis dispensaries and 18 sanatoria

with 307 free beds; and fewer than a thousand beds even including those available in private hospitals. In 1936 there were 750 tuberculosis dispensaries, at least 41,000 beds in sanatoria, and many other forms of accommodation. The provision is still inadequate, but the advance over the previous conditions is colossal. The same can be said of public health work in almost every field.

Dr. Sigerist confidently asserts that "shortcomings will be remedied sooner or later"—a dangerous doctrine which could be echoed in every country—because Socialism is the correct principle in the sphere of medicine and has now been proved to operate successfully. "I have come to the conclusion," he says, "that what is being done in the Soviet Union to-day is the beginning of a new period in the history of medicine. All that has been achieved so far in five thousand years of medical history, represents but a first epoch: the period of curative medicine. Now a new era, the period of preventive medicine, has begun in the Soviet Union." This remark is either true or untrue according to how one looks at it. Preventive medicine in England commenced with the Public Health Act, 1848, or even earlier; and much curative work will inevitably continue to be done in U.S.S.R. The decisive factor will probably turn out to be whether scientific research flourishes better under Soviet Communism or under Western capitalism. Dr. Sigerist makes a number of facile statements on this subject which do not add to the value of his work: for example, that the Soviet scientist is not merely unregimented "but has more freedom for experimentation than in any other country." Yet two pages earlier he tells us there is no science "for science's sake" in the U.S.S.R. One can scarcely have it both ways.

Despite the criticisms that have been made, this is an interesting and useful book which is well worth reading. It is a valuable addition to our knowledge of that great experiment which compels the attention of both its friends and enemies throughout the world as the most hopeful or dreaded portent of our time. W. A. R.

HOLLAND HOUSE

Chronicles of Holland House, 1820-1900. By the EARL OF ILCHESTER. *Murray.* 18*s.*

It seems a pity that exigencies of space should have obliged Lord Ilchester to cut his *Chronicles of Holland House* into two sections, and that the cleavage should occur at 1820; for the second volume is something of an anti-climax. Not that the great days of Holland House were yet at an end. But many of the most distinguished actors had already left the stage; the newcomers were perceptibly less dazzling; while those who remained were merely repeating their previous triumphs. Thus, Byron had limped off into perpetual exile. It was at Holland House that he had encountered Lady Caroline (from whom he had inquired "with a piercing look" why she had refused an introduction to him a few days earlier) and had begun a siege so immediately and so devastatingly successful that it involved him in confusion and misery for several years. No longer would he laugh at the host's jokes, grumble at his hostess' capricious exactions or marvel at the plebeian temerity of Sydney Smith who, though a poor parson, deafened and delighted the entire assemblage. Sheridan, too, had made his final exit. For the last time, he had enchanted by his wit, warmed by his spontaneous good humour, staggered home, reeling drunk, on some friendly arm. "Monk" Lewis, weaver of mysteries, had joined the phantoms; Curran's exuberance had been quenched by a tragic death. The big parties in Kensington still continued; but a new generation had started to call.

These new arrivals owed much to Holland House. For a whole generation, it epitomised the highest traditions of aristocratic liberalism; its influence had been steadily on the side of every enlightened movement; and so considerable was the influence it exercised that Metternich once refused Lord Holland permission to enter the dominions of the Austrian Emperor, since he esteemed him the arch-enemy of right-thinking absolutists. Hence the importance, from an historical point of view, of these absorbing chronicles which shear a cross-section through the life of upper-class Whig society at an extremely critical stage in England's social development. The host, who had inveighed against Lord Castlereagh and who had absorbed the wisdom and tolerance of Charles James Fox, lived to see the passing of the first Reform Bill and to listen to the middle-class effusions of Thomas Macaulay; the hostess, who had welcomed Byron at his stormiest period, survived to entertain the author of *David Copperfield*.

Both were exceptional beings, with exceptional opportunities. The chronicles of Holland House have their personal aspect; and from the story emerge a man and woman, one persuasively good, one amusingly bad. Lady Holland is amusing—at the present distance. She was a tyrant; she would have antagonised any man less devoted than her husband; she had scarcely a single pleasant quality; yet, somehow, we still admire and contrive to like her. Such was the predicament that faced her acquaintances. Driven almost mad by her caprice and selfishness, they still warmed towards her when they learned how, after a display of apparently abject cajolery, she had compelled the haughty and ultra-aristocratic Madame de Lieven to pick up her reticule which she had allowed to drop on to the floor. She was unaccountably unkind, spasmodically charming—everything but a hostess, or a woman, of the conventional mould.

Lord Ilchester does justice to her teeming oddities. He describes her fear of thunderstorms, her affection for her pages (at whose bedsides she would oblige her intimates to sit for hours at a time when either Harold or Edgar had fallen sick), the aversion that she inspired among her children. Henry Fox, who inherited the title, was particularly acid; and Byron (according to a pencil annotation on the margin of Hobhouse's copy of Moore's *Life*) had had occasion to reprove Lady Holland "for speaking to Henry Fox about his lameness in an angry tone." As a mother, no doubt, she had serious shortcomings. As a wife, nevertheless—though she was always tiresome, always self-willed and inconsiderate—she would appear to have possessed a redeeming charm, since Lord Holland loved and delighted in her to the end of his life. She might snub, interrupt him, ruin his anecdotes. Nothing could shake him; he endured her tyranny with smiling patience.

But then, Lord Holland, "a great grig and a great love," was plainly one of those rare, fascinating men who combine unusual worldliness with a remarkable degree of saintliness. His good manners, especially to the young, shy and obscure, were conspicuous at a time when the patrician insolence of a Madame de Lieven was voted the height of aristocratic *bon ton;* and often, says an observer, had he seen Lord Holland in the wheel-chair, to which he was confined by his gout, pushed away at his wife's command in the middle of a story but still talking and gesticulating

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THE BODLEY HEAD

amiably as he receded from view. Lord Holland died in 1840; Lady Holland followed him during the same decade—she faced death with pagan resolution; and at Lady Holland's disappearance the glory faded. " . . . She was a woman (wrote the caustic Charles Greville) for whom nobody felt any affection, and whose death therefore will cause no grief"; but her extinction had left a void that could never be filled. Impossible not to "lament over the fall of the curtain on that long drama . . . which illuminated and adorned England, and even Europe, for half a century. The world never has seen and never will see again anything like Holland House." Greville was writing from the mid-years of Victorian flatness. He was looking back to a more adventurous and more graceful age.

PETER QUENNELL

FIFTEEN DECADES OF DRESS

Taste and Fashion: From the French Revolution Until To-Day. By JAMES LAVER. *Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The title of this book is a little misleading, for Mr. Laver almost entirely limits himself to chronicling fluctuations in the fashion of women's dress during the period he has chosen, though he hangs on the feminine clothes-peg some generalisations on taste and fashion in a wider sense. "Fashion," he says, by which he means women's clothes, "is the spearhead of taste, or rather it is a kind of psychic weathercock which shows which way the wind blows, or even a weathercock with the gift of prophecy which shows which way the wind will blow." (Incidentally, the clumsiness of writing, unexpected from Mr. Laver's pen, which is revealed in this sentence, prevails throughout the book.) That is reasonable enough, for as nothing with which taste is concerned is more susceptible to change than the clothes women wear, it is in them that the trend of taste first becomes apparent; interior decoration, furniture and architecture take longer to be affected. Another point the author makes is that there is a relation between fashion and politico-sociological events. That, too, is rather elementary, but he has given some delightful and unexpected examples to uphold the theory. Did you know, for instance, that when currency is deflated women tend to leave off their corsets? Perhaps it is not quite fair to have linked up the two phenomena as though they were cause and effect, instead of the twin effects of a common cause, but the conjunction is an illuminating one.

It is a pity that Mr. Laver is not more interested in men's clothes. He justifies his scanty references to them by saying that they "tend to stereotype and lay outside the main stream of fashion." That's as may be, but certain minor changes that have taken place during this century—the ousting of stiff collars, the triumph of the old school tie and the recent increase in the range of colours and materials occur to one immediately—have a far deeper social significance than many aspects of feminine fashion that he chases up and down 150 years so tirelessly. In his chapter on lingerie he shows, too, that he is out of touch with current developments, by greatly underestimating the proportion of men who wear the new style self-supporting pants and sleeveless vests.

Few people will quarrel with Mr. Laver's statement that a gap in appreciation prevents us from judging accurately the aesthetic value of recently discarded fashions, though even fewer, I imagine, will agree with his table of diminishing detestation, which attempts to show how this gap in appreciation operates. According to this table we should regard the fashions of between 1866 and 1836 as "charming" and "romantic." His illustration for 1851 shows Mrs. Amelia Bloomer in her frightening array!

After making these criticisms it is only fair to add that *Taste and Fashion* will undoubtedly appeal to anyone who is interested in the evolution of women's clothes, and that even outsiders will probably consider themselves sufficiently rewarded for their yawns by occasional paragraphs such as this:

> In short, the female body consists of a series of sterilised zones, which are those exposed by the fashion which is just going out, and an erogenous zone, which will be the point of interest for the fashion which is just coming in. This erogenous zone is always shifting, and it is the business of fashion to pursue it, without ever actually catching it up. It is obvious that if you really catch it up you are immediately arrested for indecent exposure. If you almost catch it up you are celebrated as a leader of fashion.

But the fashion expert should stay on his comparatively safe, if shifting, ground, and not inform his wondering readers that "Carnaval," "Le Spectre de la Rose" and "Thamar" "are hardly remembered."

GEOFFREY PARSONS

SHORTER NOTICES

Wars of Ideas in Spain. By JOSÉ CASTILLEJO. *Murray.* 6*s.*

In a small book of 150 pages, Dr. José Castillejo, the permanent secretary of the *Junta para ampliación de estudios*, traces the history of Spanish educational ideas from the time of Seneca until 1937. The first part of the book suffers from compression. It was impossible in so small a space to do much more than catalogue a variety of names and philosophies. But from 1800 onwards experiments and ideas are shown in more related form. The struggle between the Catholic educators and the free-thinking intellectuals appears with all its pernicious fluctuations. Above it stand the figures of Francisco Giner and Manuel Cossio, liberals and reformers in the true sense of those words, for they denied, as Dr. Castillejo himself denies, that education should be the monopoly of either Church or State. They realised the value of tradition, provided it is alive, and the impossibility of creating hurriedly, by ministerial decree, a structure which requires years of intelligent endeavour. It is on these grounds that Dr. Castillejo criticises the educational measures of the Republic, though he describes sympathetically several experiments which have been made under its patronage. One such experiment was the *misión pedagógica*:

> It was intended for small villages, isolated in the mountains or at long distance from railways. It aimed not at mere teaching; it appealed to emotions and beauty; it simply aspired to introduce into small hamlets, for a few hours or a few days, a glimpse of the highest, modern civilisation. Groups of teachers, graduates and students travelled as a caravan through backward regions, taking with them theatre, music, choirs, popular songs, a picture gallery and selected collections of books.

The *misiónes pedagógicas*, like so much else that was worth having, came to a full stop in July, 1936. For the future, Dr. Castillejo is pessimistic—perhaps unduly so. There are many Spaniards in Republican territory who conceive education as something more than the handmaid of politics.

Some Famous Love Letters. Edited by MARJORIE BOWEN. *Herbert Jenkins.* 15*s.*

The choice has been sensational rather than profound. These love letters range from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century and include most of the European romantics of fame and noble blood—Henry VIII, Earl of Essex, Anne de Lenclos, Dean Swift, Lady Hamilton, Nelson, Mary Godwin, Napoleon, George Sand, Byron, Burns, etc., but not, for example, Shelley or Keats, whose romanticism was, perhaps, a little too refined for inclusion. There is one letter of Browning's, though wherever there is a sequence of letters between any two lovers, Miss Bowen has generally included sufficient of them to give a brief idea of the history of the love as, for example, between Alfred de Musset and George Sand. Not a philosopher among the lot; except Swift, and his philosophy is scarcely "love hath Reason"; so that even when one eye is on publication and the other on the heart, the outpourings are still too particular; after all, if a love letter is a work of art, it turns the receiver from a lover into an audience. However, the bashful may find this a useful text-book and the psychological use it as evidence of the effects of passion on the mind; the scandalous may enjoy it, but sensualists are warned that it is more sentimental than descriptive.

About Motoring

THE MODERN MOTOR CYCLE

THE holding of yet another motor cycle exhibition reminds us that many people are the victims of a strange passion for a vehicle which others regard as a lethal and odious instrument. There are probably three main motives which induce people to ride motor cycles. The commonest is impecuniosity; for comparatively few persons continue to travel on two wheels from that moment when their cash or credit enables them to travel on four wheels. The second is psychologically allied to that which centuries ago induced a minority of men to become hermits. After all, only extreme amorousness or sheer necessity will induce man, woman or child to occupy regularly and for long distances a cushion fixed over the back wheel of a motor bicycle. It follows, therefore, that a motor cyclist can escape companions with considerable facility and without exposing his curmudgeonly nature. The third reason is also uncommon. Amateurs of physical sensation express a great variety of preferences—one raves about ski-jumping, another about the feel of a good horse beneath one over fences, a third about the incomparable zest of throwing a plane about in the air; all these hobbies are expensive. But a fast motor bicycle offers a gamut of keen physical sensations at relatively low cost. T. E. Lawrence for many years rode motor bicycles weighing a quarter of a ton, costing him £150 apiece, and capable of about 100 m.p.h. He was probably actuated by all three motives outlined above. He could not afford to own really

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fast cars; there were times when he loathed human company; and as he often averaged over 50 m.p.h. on long cross-country journeys, he clearly relished acceleration and speed and the wind in his eyes and the rain on his cheeks.

This preamble suggests that the motor cycle will always enjoy a strictly limited market. At the moment its market is dwindling, partly because the £50 which is an average price for a motor bicycle of fair power and quality will purchase a small car not more than half-worn, and partly because this country at present suffers from a very violent prejudice against motor cycles, which are commonly regarded as dangerous. This indictment is a pure libel. It would be true to say that a motor cycle is uncomfortable by comparison with cars, for it offers the minimum of weather protection, has a vibratory type of engine, and is largely unsprung. But it is not true to say that it is dangerous—indeed, in skilled hands, it is probably the safest vehicle on the road, for if it lacks automatic stability, it resembles the pedal cycle in being far more manoeuvrable than any car or cart; it possesses magnificent brakes and gorgeous acceleration, and it requires less space in a tight corner than any competitor, while in the last issue if a crash occurs, its rider is usually flung clear, and if he is an athlete, can perhaps ensure that he falls scatheless. Its reputation for peril is solely due to the fact that being cheap, it is mainly ridden by the rather young, who employ it to gain road experience, to learn road sense, and to indulge their somewhat reckless craving for speed. Moreover, since the juvenile male is often amorous, and juvenile femininity is often both amorous and devoid of sense, two youngsters often pay the penalty for the blunders of inexperience and the catastrophes of folly. But if these same youngsters were all equipped with—let us say, 6½ h.p. Bugmobile cars, the casualties in their ranks would be more, not less, numerous; and the 6½ h.p. Bugmobile would rapidly acquire an infamous but wholly unmerited reputation. The situation of the British motor cycle industry under these serried handicaps is plainly the reverse of enviable; and looks all the worse when we perceive that apart from the Dominions strenuous efforts are being made to exclude its wares from all foreign markets by dint of tariffs, embargoes, and other familiar expedients. Nevertheless, this sorely tried industry is resolutely efficient, and its wares still compare favourably with the products of its rivals. We can still match the four best foreign motor cycles with at least a dozen of our own.

It is interesting to notice how Continental governments differ from our own in their attitude towards motor cycling. Presumably our own Government is so obsessed by the very real problem of road congestion that it deliberately dissuades its population from using the roads more than is inevitable. In France and Italy and Germany the authorities strain every nerve to persuade their artisan population to motor; and since an artisan who can afford a car is almost unknown outside the United States, these Governments encourage their artisans to ride motor cycles. They release all the cheaper and lower-powered machines from the restrictions and controls and revenue-swelling devices which in these same countries are applied to cars. In these happy lands the artisan may walk into a shop, buy a motor bicycle, and ride it away as simply and easily as I can purchase a new briar pipe. He pays no tax, he need take out no insurance policy, he need not register, nor obtain a driving licence. He need not even pass a driving test, as the machine is slow. The motives animating such policies are doubtless compound. For one thing, possession of a motorcycle renders labour more mobile in terms alike of time and space. For another, the resulting sales, which reach figures regarded by British motor cycle factories as semi-astronomical, augment the plant, profits, and personnel of the engineering industries, a fact of no small value when war clouds darken the horizon. The output reduces unemployment. That proletariat which spends its leisure on the roads will be more contented and attain higher physical standards than a proletariat which amuses itself at the cinema or the beer garden or the café. There can be no question that the policy is sound on industrial, commercial, political and humanitarian grounds; and in refraining from similar measures our Government has only one leg on which to stand, that leg being a mental picture of our roads as they might become if existing traffic were swollen by the addition of two million motor cyclettes creeping noisily along. But the true solution is probably to construct more roads, rather than to drive the population indoors. An official spokesman might retort that our Government encourages the proletariat to cycle; but we all know that the man or woman who enjoys pedalling a cycle after the twenty-fifth birthday, except perhaps on a cool, calm, dry day, is almost as rare as a panda in Piccadilly.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 402

Set by David Garnett

I am writing a censored play dealing with contemporary University Life and have decided to name my characters after the manner of Restoration Drama. The following from Sir John Vanbrugh's *The Relapse* may be regarded as models: Sir Novelty Fashion, newly-created Lord Foppington; Sir Tunbelly Clumsey, a country gentleman; Sir John Friendly, his neighbour; Coupler, a matchmaker; Bull, Chaplain to Sir Tunbelly; Serringe, a surgeon; Miss Hoyden, a great fortune, daughter to Sir Tunbelly.

The usual prizes are offered for the best names for the following characters:

A Bucket-shop Promotor (who gives away millions in conscience money) (newly-created Lord ——); his bibulous (ex-bedder) mother; his son . . . a noble Communist (the Hero); a Dumb Blue (in love with heroine); A Financial Journalist; his titled mistress (with her eye on the Dumb Blue); her Left-wing Undergraduate Daughter (heroine); a Don's Grass-wife (who dabbles with Communism, and the hero, the Dumb Blue, and the Member of the Proletariat); a Member of the Proletariat; a Policeman; the Don (husband of the Don's Wife); the Home Secretary; the Head of a College.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, December 3rd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 400

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Members of Parliament are being asked to sanction a Memorial to King George V entailing the destruction of a number of eighteenth-century houses, including one of the finest façades still conspicuous in London. The usual prizes are offered for the aptest comment in verse or prose upon this method of commemorating a justly respected and popular Monarch.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

I hoped to elicit an epigram so devastating that even His Grace of Canterbury—who, unless I mistake, is largely to blame for this odious scheme—would beat his breast and don the sackcloth of the penitent. Everywhere I meet people who think the proposal preposterous, but no M.P. seems to mind, and I presume the scheme will go through without a protest. If the Church sold St. Paul's to Woolworth's, only a few professional aesthetes, I suppose, would be so degenerate as to object. Yet I do really believe that a plan for destroying Westminster Abbey would meet with considerable opposition. There is something sacred about the pointed arch and the mullion—so much so that if the Abingdon Street houses were Tudor, they might well escape destruction. This suggests that it is not hatred of art but mere lack of education that makes our legislators approve the George V memorial. They have not yet noticed that English architecture reached its highest peaks *after* 1640.

None of the competitors have been on the top of their form. Mr. Gordon Simpson brings off a double pun at the expense of those of us that object to the scheme:

> They have *not* seen this statue, but noisily carp,
> Pessimistic and very precociously sharp
> When they grumble "We can't bare the site."

Mr. Gerald Thomlinson has a story I like:

Colonel Blimp's young nephew, Edward, of the Office of Works, was in Berlin the other day, and met the Director of German Poetry.

"When I hear that word culture, I reach for my gun," said the Director.

"Oh, we just pull things down over in England. Besides, it gives employment."

Mr. J. B. C. Date nearly wins a prize. Here is the first part of his entry:

A parent is showing his son the sights of London.

Parent: This, dear, is the Houses of Parliament, where the clever men make the laws.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Sat.

AMBASSADORS. Yes and No. Tues. & Fri.

APOLLO. People at Sea. Mon. and Sat.

CAMBRIDGE. It's You I Want. Th., Sat.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

COMEDY. Think of a Number Tues., Fri.

DRURY LANE. Crest of the Wave. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. W. & S.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GARRICK. It's a Wise Child. Mon., Thurs.

GLOBE. "Robert's Wife" Wed. and Sat.

HIPPODROME. "Hide and Seek." Th. & S.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.

NEW. Bonnet Over the Windmill. W., S.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

QUEEN'S. The School for Scandal. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. I Have Been Here Before. Th., S.

ST. JAMES'S. The Silent Knight. Thur. & Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Autumn. Tues., Fri.

SHAFTBRY. Thank You, Mr. Pepys Dec. 4

STRAND. A Spot of Bother. Thurs. & Sat.

VICT. PAL. Busman's Honeymoon. W., S.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Over 440 Perfs. Tem. 6404
8.30. Mats., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.
HOUSEMASTER
A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. Bar 1171.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
YES AND NO
by Kenneth Horne.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663). Evgs. 8.30. Mon, Sat. 2.30
ALEC L. REA presents
PEOPLE AT SEA
by J. B. PRIESTLEY

CAMBRIDGE. (Tem. 6056). Thur., Sat., 2.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
IT'S YOU I WANT
A Farce, by Maurice Braddell.

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
2.30 and 8.15 DAILY
ST. MORITZ
A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
DOUGLAS BYNG, WINIFRED SHOTTER in
THINK OF A NUMBER
With SARA ALLGOOD

DRURY LANE. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
MARIE LOHR in
CREST OF THE WAVE.

DUCHESS, (Tem. 8243). 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
No Perf. Xmas Eve. Extra Mat. Boxing Day. 2.30.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in J. B. Priestley's
TIME AND THE CONWAYS

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5211.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601).
Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Mon., Thurs., at 2.30.
IT'S A WISE CHILD
A Comedy.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evenings 8.30 Sharp.
Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30 Sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.15.
Mats., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES and CICELY COURTNEIDGE
in **"HIDE AND SEEK"**

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

LYRIC. (Gerrard 3686).
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
VICTORIA REGINA
by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

NEW. Tem. 3878. EVGS., 8.15 sharp.
MATS., WEDS. and SATS., at 2.30 sharp.
BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL
"Another Dodie Smith Success"—*Evening Standard.*

PLAYHOUSE. Over 680 Perfs. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 4517). Evgs., 8.30. W. & S., 2.30.
JOHN GIELGUD'S SEASON.
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.
The play produced by TYRONE GUTHRIE.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 7331.) 8.30 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.
Wilfrid Lawson. Patricia Hilliard. Lewis Casson.

ST. JAMES'S. (Whi. 3903.) 8.30, Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD,
RALPH RICHARDSON in
THE SILENT KNIGHT

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. 1443). Evgs. 8.30, Tu. F. 2.30
FLORA ROBSON in
AUTUMN
A BASIL DEAN PRODUCTION.

SHAFTESBURY (Ger. 6666) Tuesday Next at 8
(Subs., 8.30 sharp, 1st Mat., Dec. 4, 2.30)
EDMUND GWENN and BARRY K. BARNES in
THANK YOU, Mr. PEPYS

STRAND. Tem. 2660. Evgs., 8.30. Th. & Sat., 2.30.
ROBERTSON HARE. ALFRED DRAYTON in
"A SPOT OF BOTHER"
A New Farce by VERNON SYLVAINE.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
BASIL FOSTER in
BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.
The Famous Lord Peter Wimsey Detective Comedy.

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283). 8 6, 4 6, 2 6, bookable.
Evgs. (except Weds.) 7 p.m. Mats., Weds., 2.30.
ANMER HALL presents
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA
by EUGENE O'NEILL.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028, 3029.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SATS., at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

GROUP THEATRE.
"OUT OF THE PICTURE,"
by Louis MacNeice. Sundays, December 5th and 12th, at the WESTMINSTER THEATRE. Apply for membership: 9, Great Newport Street, W.C.2.

REPERTORY THEATRES

THE PLAYHOUSE, LIVERPOOL.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30 p.m.
Judgment Day. By Elmer Rice.

HULL. **Little.**
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
They Came by Night. By Barré Lyndon.

FILMS

ACADEMY, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
The first great Italian international success
"SQUADRONE BIANCO" (U). (White Squadron) and thrilling drama of the seas
"LAST ADVENTURERS" (U).

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, 29th NOVEMBER, for SEVEN DAYS.
THE REMARKABLE SATIRICAL COMEDY
DE RAMNENKOENIG (A).
By special permission of the L.C.C.

"CIRCUS," new Soviet film. Sunday, December 5th, Cambridge Theatre, 6 p.m. and 8.30 p.m. Reserved seats from F.S.U., 5 Gt. Ormond Street, W.C.1. *2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.,* and *5s.* (for members only).

CONCERTS

ARNOLD GOLDSBROUGH CONCERTS

QUEEN MARY HALL
Great Russell Street (Tottenham Court Road), W.C.1
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH, 8.30 P.M.

Stabat Mater	*Palestrina*
MAY BARTLETT—Cantatas	*Handel*
LANCE DOSSOR—Variations on a theme by Paganini	*Brahms*
Jesu Priceless Treasure	*Bach*

Tickets: (two concerts), *13s. 9d., 8s. 9d.*; Single, *7s. 6d., 5s., 2s.*, from MISS WHYLEY, 47 Cadogan St. S.W.3 (Ken. 0767); or SECRETARY, Queen Mary Hall Concerts Committee, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. (Mus. 7512).

THIRD SPANISH CONCERT for milk and medical supplies. Tableaux after Goya. Pardillos Guitar Quartette with songs and dances by the Basque children. Songs: Isabelita Alonso, guitar solos, Alice de Belleroche. Dances: Emna Marqués. Paul Robeson. Scala Theatre, Dec. 7th, 8 p.m. Tickets from *3s. 6d.*—£1 *1s.* from the Scala Theatre, KEITH PROWSE, and 6 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Museum 5410.

EXHIBITION

THE Nineteen-Thirties. 6th Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings at COOLING GALLERIES, 92 New Bond Street. Till December 7th.

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner, or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

PERSONAL

ARTIST, young, needs food and materials. Exchange paintings or teach privately. Urgent. Box 231, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG Composer living in Chelsea wishes to meet lyric writer with a view to collaborating in dance numbers and light songs. Box 236, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BACHELOR gentleman, 35, City Business Man, general interests, invites correspondence from another bachelor who can offer friendly week-end Board Residence at moderate charge within easy access of London. Box 229, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ENERGETIC young man, fluent French, German and Spanish, shorthand typist, own machine, seeks interesting post at a nominal salary with progressive or other organisation in London where work is congenial and varied. Box 233, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED. Spanish Linguaphone set—hire or buy. COLES, 77 Carnarvon Road, E.15.

EXPERIENCED lady motorist (living 20 mins. Charing Cross), will drive employer's car—business, shopping, country runs. Half-day *7s. 6d.* Reduction regular work. Box 234, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG AUSTRIAN Graduate invites SKIERS to join her AUSTRIAN CHRISTMAS SKI-ING PARTY. Box 209, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

CHRISTMAS Photographs of your child. A photographer with a passion for children has a convenient studio near Sloane Square. Or pictures taken in your own home if you prefer. Moderate charges. LAUREL PASCAL, 46A King's Road, Chelsea. Ring: KEN 1075.

BRIDGE. Lady living near Queen Anne's Gate would like friendly game occasionally, evenings and week-ends, with people near. Box 228, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

W.1. BRIDGE CIRCLE. *1d.* stakes. Thurs., Sats. Lessons arranged. MISS MORGAN. Wel. 5049.

JOHN McCALLUM Horoscopes accurately cast and individually interpreted. One guinea. Mention special problems. 154a High Street, Guildford.

CONTACTS, a different correspondence club for the unconventional, connects you with unusual members everywhere. Many British members. Now reorganised and enlarged. Box 91 Station D, New York City.

NUDIST GATHERINGS. Wednesdays and Fridays at West London gymnasium. Write, enclosing stamped envelope: SECRETARY, National Sun and Air Association, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2.

SIX unique Christmas presents for 2 *gns.*—portraits by ANTHONY PANTING. Ring WEL. 4950, or call at 5 Paddington Street, Marylebone, W.1.

DETECTIVES. Divorce, Enquiries, etc. Terms moderate. Consultations free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES, 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 9058.

STOP SMOKING—quick, cheap, lasting as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write, CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251, Birmingham.

CHARGES FOR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

DETAILS of rates for single or a series of insertions will be found on page 903 of this issue.

Son : What are they doing over there, daddy?
Parent : Oh, they're pulling down some houses, dear.
Son : Are those slums, daddy, like you told me about, that have to be pulled down because they're so dirty and ugly?
Parent : Oh dear, no! Those are very fine and beautiful houses.
Son : Then why are they pulling them down, daddy?
Parent : To put up a monument to King George, dear.
Son : Will the monument be more beautiful than the houses are?
Parent : I don't expect so, dear.
Son : Then why are they pulling them down, daddy?
Parent : Well, you see, King George was a very great man and—but look! there's Big Ben . . .

I recommend Mr. Harry Broadbent for First Prize (warning readers that the Committee referred to has no existence outside Mr. Broadbent's imagination). And Second Prize goes to Mr. William Bliss, whose verses are more elegant than indignant.

FIRST PRIZE

I went to see the Secretary of the Committee the other day and I said look here what about these 18th-century houses he said what 18th-century houses I said the houses they are pulling down he said who I said you chaps he said oh you mean us committee chaps I said yes. Well he said we're not pulling houses down are we oh yes you are I replied and they're 18th-century houses too oh are they well what about it asked the Secretary that's what I said I said. I mean what about the 18th-century inquired the Secretary if they're that old it's funny they've lasted this long rubbish I rejoined look at the Bloody Tower hey less of that he cried well anyway I said if you pull these down you destroy beauty what's that he asked I said it's what makes things look nice. Well he said I don't exactly know the site but what does an 18th-century house look like anyway. Oh it's got pillars and pilasters and porticos I said like in that Square I forget the name of. Enough he interrupted rudely we've got to get rid of infectious vermin like that Good-day. So I just gave him a look and came away but I mean that's what we're up against.

HARRY BROADBENT

SECOND PRIZE

KING GEORGE V

Destroy no beautiful thing to honour me;
That were dishonour rather. Let me be
Shrined in my subjects' hearts, I am content.

Yet, if you needs must rear a monument
And London is with ancientry so filled
That you must tear down something ere you build,
I think that I might easily suggest
Some uglier parchments for your palimpsest.
Trafalgar Square is Nelson's, none would dare
Bid *him* climb down to set my statue there,
But great-great-uncle York, I fancy, might
Give up his column to provide a site.
Or would Will Shakespeare, think you, with me share
The haunting loveliness of Leicester Square?
"Not big enough?" Well what about the space
Where Oxford Circus runs to Langham Place?
Or where the Marble Arch with empty arms
Displays, like Dido, her contemnised charms?
"Still larger?" H'm . . . Oh Grandmamma forgive!
I had not dared to breathe it did I live,
But, since I'm dead, why let the lightning fall
And set me where now sprawls the Albert Hall.

WILLIAM BLISS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 256.—THE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

"My five nephews," said General Rangefinder, "have just had their entrance examination for the new College of Tactics. All of them got through."

"Damn good show," said I.

"Yes" said the General. "We're pleased. It's an odd examination, you know. Every candidate has thirty questions to answer—six each in Strategy, Tactics, Military History, Map-reading and Engineering. But they don't score marks in accordance merely with the total number of questions answered; no, sir; each group of questions is considered by itself. The idea, of course, is to encourage specialisation. The number of questions that a candidate gets right in any group is multiplied by itself, and that's his mark for the group."

"And his aggregate mark?"

"That's obtained," said the General, "by adding his several marks together."

I pondered. "The upshot of all that," I said, "is that there's a considerable margin—or, at any rate, there may be a considerable margin—between the maximum and minimum marks obtainable in respect of any given total of correct answers."

"There is," said the General. "The boys spotted that, of course. They called that difference between a maximum and a minimum mark *m*. And they worked out—what is interesting, you'll agree—that *m* was the same in respect of each of the boys' total of questions answered, although no two of them actually achieved the same total."

"Very interesting," I said, beginning to feel slightly bewildered.

The General took out a note-book. "Actually," he said "(have another sherry, won't you?), the examination results were even more interesting than that. Looking only at the total number of questions answered, the order in which the boys were placed was: Alfred, Benjamin, Cyril, Derrick, Egbert. But, taking their actual marks, calculated as I told you just now, the order was: Derrick, Cyril, Benjamin, Alfred, Egbert. Egbert, you see, was bottom by both reckonings. However, he passed; that's the main thing."

"What's the pass mark?" I asked, feeling unequal to any profounder query.

"Sixty."

How many marks did each of the five candidates attain?

PROBLEM 254.—WAITING FOR THE GHOST

[*Solution by W. A. Caro*]

Consideration of Horatio's gains and losses leads at once to the fact that he must gain 22 ducats on balance as a result of the third night's play, when the following possible tables of net gains and losses can be drawn up:—

A.

	Hor.	Franc.	Bern.	Marc.	Ham.
1.	−10	6	2	2	—
2.	—	2	6	− 6	− 2
3.	22	—	−10	− 2	−10
4.	−10	2	—	6	2
5.	− 2	−10	2	—	10
	0	0	0	0	0

B.

	Hor.	Franc.	Bern.	Marc.	Ham.
1.	−10	6	2	2	—
2.	—	2	6	− 2	− 6
3.	22	—	−10	− 2	−10
4.	−10	2	—	2	6
5.	− 2	−10	2	—	10
	0	0	0	0	0

A can be eliminated as it leads directly to a quintuple tie for the Bridge prize.

B yields three possible arrangements, two of which can be eliminated as Bernardo won the Chess prize. The complete solution is, therefore:

	Horatio.	Francesco.	Bernardo.	Marcellus.	Hamlet.
1.		Bridge	Chess	Acrostic and Crossword	
2.		Chess	Bridge	Crossword	Acrostic
3.	Acrostic, Chess and Bridge			Crossword	
4.		Acrostic Crossword		Chess	Bridge
5.	Crossword		Chess		Acrostic Bridge

Thus Hamlet won the Acrostic and Bridge prizes; Marcellus won the Crossword prize.

I think, myself, that this is the best problem of its type I have set.

PROBLEM 253.—AN ADVENTURE IN ALGEBRAICA

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. Robison, 12 Genoa Avenue, Putney, S.W.15.

Seven points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

OFFICER FOR EXTRA-MURAL STUDIES

The University Council will appoint in December, an OFFICER FOR EXTRA-MURAL STUDIES, to take up duty on January 1st, 1938, or as soon thereafter as may be arranged. Candidates must be graduates of a British University.

It is desirable that they should have had some experience in Adult Educational work. Salary £500 per annum, rising by biennial increments of £25 to a maximum of £600. A statement of the duties of the post, and of the conditions of appointment, may be had from the undersigned, by whom applications (twelve copies) should be received on or before December 4th, 1937.

STANLEY DUMBELL
Registrar,

UNIVERSITY OF THE WITWATERSRAND JOHANNESBURG.

JUNIOR LECTURER IN CLASSICS.

Applications are invited for a Junior Lectureship in the Department of Classics.

Assumption of Duties: 1st March, 1938, or as soon as possible thereafter.

Salary: £350–£25–£400, subject to 6 per cent. deduction for Provident Fund contributions (an equal amount is contributed by University and Government together). Half salary is payable from the date of leaving England. A higher initial salary may be paid in recognition of special qualifications and experience. The officer may be promoted to Lecturer grade (£450–£25–£575) after three years' service as Junior Lecturer.

Transport: £60 will be contributed towards the cost of passage, and first-class rail fare will be refunded for the journey from Cape Town.

Qualifications: Candidates should indicate their qualifications for teaching Greek, Classical Philology and Archaeology, and their interest in research.

Further information and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, with whom applications, in triplicate, must be lodged not later than 15th December, 1937.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

Appointment of Assistant Lecturer in Department of German.

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in German.

Stipend £300 per annum.

Duties to begin, if possible, January 11th, 1938. Six copies of application, with testimonials, must be sent, on or before December 9th, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

Selected candidates will be invited to attend for interview on Thursday, December 16th.

The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3.
November, 1937.

C. G. BURTON, Secretary.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

Applications are invited for the post of Branch Librarian at Padiham. Candidates must either possess the Certificate for the Diploma of the School of Librarianship, or must have passed the Intermediate Examination of the Library Association. The starting salary will be £150, but a new scale of £170—£12—£230 will operate from April, 1938. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination and to contribute to the County Council's superannuation scheme. Applications, accompanied by not more than three testimonials, must reach the DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, County Offices, Preston, endorsed "Library," not later than Saturday, December 11th.

THE LABOUR PARTY require the services of an Administrative Officer to devote his or her whole time to work in connection with the Labour Party League of Youth. Forms of applications and particulars, can be obtained from the LABOUR PARTY, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, on or before December 4th, 1937. Envelopes to be marked "League of Youth."

SOCIAL WORKER (Woman) required as SECRETARY to the North Lambeth Branch of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Social work training essential. Age 25–40. Salary £80 to £100, with board and residence in Settlement. Apply by letter only to MISS BAYLIFF, 131 Kennington Road, London, S.E.11.

WANTED for Somerset constituency volunteers in Labour cause, men or women, for canvassing for one or two weeks. All exs. and board found, but no remuneration. Box A.191, Willings, 133 Moorgate, E.C.2

PROGRESSIVE DAY SCHOOL wishes replace mistress, music, games, junior form work. Part time, Spring Term, full time after Easter. Box 230, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED, WOMAN SECRETARY to a Chief Officer of the GAS LIGHT and COKE CO. Initiative, first-class qualifications and speeds essential. Write, giving age and full particulars, to the Secretary, Horseferry Road, S.W.1.

EVENING Student, lady, 24. German and French speaking, typing and shorthand, fond of children, used to cooking, etc. Any work acceptable. Box 227, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

"HINTS for YOUNG CANDIDATES on the WRITING OF LETTERS OF APPLICATION," price 6*d.* post free, obtainable from CICELY C. WRIGHT, LTD., Educational Agency, 50 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1.

CHARGES FOR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

DETAILS of rates for single or a series of insertions will be found on page 903 of this issue.

TRAINING CENTRES

CICELY C. WRIGHT, LTD.,
Educational Agency,
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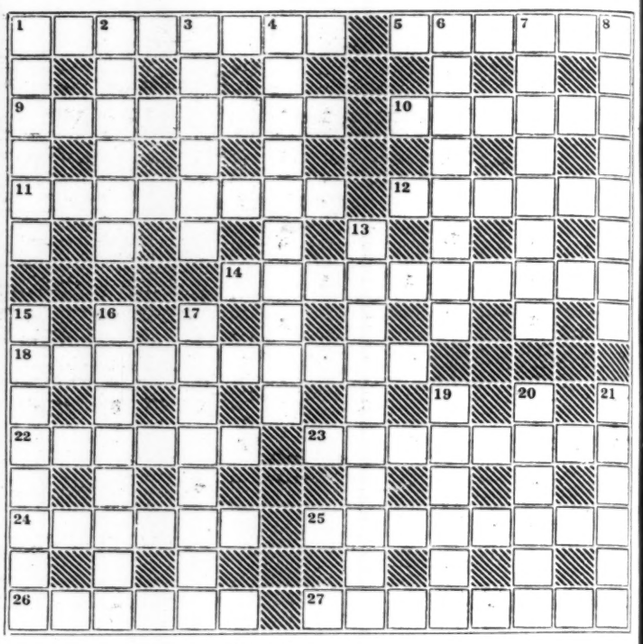

Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

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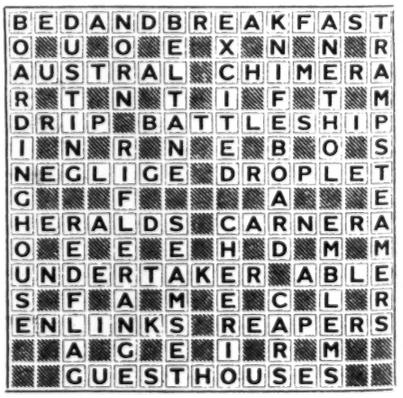
ACROSS

1. Does this contain the record of the herd? (8)
5. The Stock Exchange uses it in default. (6)
9. Those intent on retiring would find these useful supports. (8)
10. Shows that you do not get fat in the Civil Service. (6)
11. I owes 18 by the sound of it. (8)
12. Shakespearean armed character. (6)
14. They are daily mailed for show in the Spring. (10)
18. Boys take a turn at them, not necessarily in horse-play. (10)
22. Doctors no doubt find them repulsive every day. (6)
23. Sir Josiah is not at home. (8)
24. The Yeoman Officer is let off. (6)
25. Has a good start—in a water hole? (8)
26. May go on Sid's back. (6)
27. Helped Victorian women to pull themselves together. (8)

DOWN

1. She takes the ace. (6)
2. A miner will stay. (6)
3. Sort of air-pocket. (6)
4. No doubt when younger he sought a 3 reputation. (10)
6. Complete darkness? (8)
7. A refreshing hour. (8)
8. Implies being up and doing more. (8)
13. American situation of the "Stop me and buy one" factory? (10)
15. Narrow neck, but not an isthmus. (8)
16. They start a threesome. (8)
17. Vegetable for the pudding course? (8)
19. Unflattering adjective to apply to 17. (6)
20. You can put her on a mop. (6)
21. Attitude of one about to use his club. (6)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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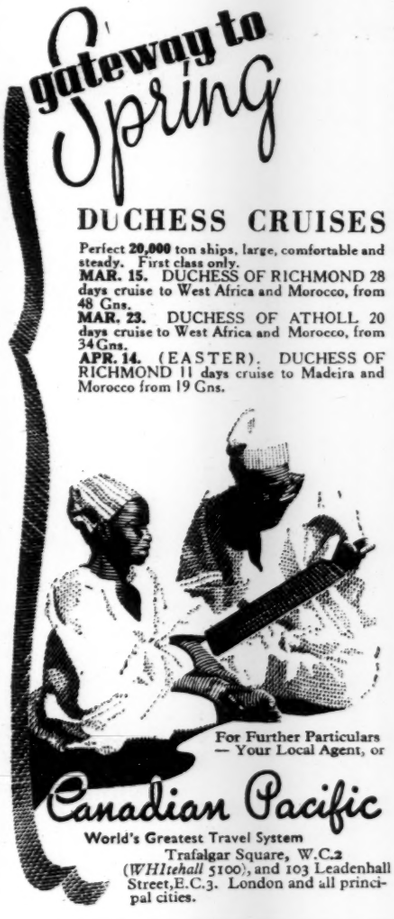

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

THE SLUMP IN AMERICA—FRANC RECOVERY—BRAZILIAN FOOTNOTES

WALL STREET, as I thought, has broken through the low levels of the October collapse. On Monday the Dow Jones industrial index dropped over 6 points to 114.2, which is 41 per cent. below the highest level of the year. This index is now expected to fall another 15 per cent. to 97, that is, 50 per cent. from its "high." Seeing that leading shares like U.S. Steel have fallen by over 60 per cent., and leading railroads like New York Central by over 70 per cent., this seems a reasonable prospect for a panicky market. The cause of this further slump is despair over Mr. Roosevelt, who moves so slowly to "the right" that he appears to be moving backwards. Mr. Roosevelt, perhaps as a result of his toothache, now feels that no tax revision scheme should be passed in this special session of Congress. The infected Presidential tooth has bitten not only into Wall Street but into Throgmorton Street. Something like panic selling developed in British industrial shares on Monday, and the *Financial News* industrial index fell by 3 points to 93 (which compares with 124 on January 1st). This was the lowest level for two years. There was every indication of forced or distress selling; for "investment" shares of the character of Imperial Tobacco, Courtaulds and Imperial Chemical Industries fell more sharply than the average. The demoralisation of markets continued until the noon of Tuesday, when the buying of a few important insurance and trust companies ended the rot. I would expect investment buying to develop at around present prices, for the dividend yields now afforded by leading equity shares become increasingly attractive to institutional investors who cannot get as much as 3½ per cent. on gilt-edged stocks. In the following table will be found the current yields of first-class "investment" shares without allowing for any increase in the dividends:

	High 1937.	Present Price.	Last Div.	Gross Div. Yield %.
Associated Electrical Industries, £1	56/3	41/3	10	£4 15 0
British American Tobacco, £1 ..	6 7/32	5 3/16	20*	£5 2 9
Burmah Oil, £1	6 11/16	5 3/8	27½	£5 10 3†
Imperial Chemical Industries, £1	42/-	34/3	8	£4 15 3†
Shell Transport & Trading, £1	6 5/32	4 3/8	20*	£6 2 0
Tube Investments, £1	92/9	80/-	23¾	£5 18 9

* Tax free. † Allowing for reduced income tax.

Now yields of between 4¾ per cent. and 6 per cent. on "safe" shares of the investment class would not be obtainable if the market were not apprehensive of the onslaught of a serious depression. Yet, except in America there appear no grounds for extreme pessimism.

* * *

The business background in the U.S.A. is becoming decidedly disquieting. Steel mill activity has now fallen to 31 per cent. of capacity, and current orders are said to represent barely 20 per cent. of potential deliveries. Automobile output is 20 per cent. smaller than a year ago, and freight car loadings are 12 per cent. lower. The turnover of New York department stores is 10 per cent. down on that of November, 1936, notwithstanding the increase in prices, and the difficulty in disposing of retail stocks is having a progressively severe reaction on the textile industries; for example, deliveries of rayon now represent only 50 per cent. of production, and the rayon manufacturers will shortly join with the automobile producers in instituting three days a week "shut-downs." Electricity output has already lost the whole of its 1937 increase; the National Industrial Conference Board reports a fall of 6.4 per cent. in employment in the principal cities since August; and bank clearings, as compared with a year ago, show the phenomenal shrinkage of 25 per cent. These signs of progressive economic stagnation are alarming. Big Business beyond doubt made up its mind to stage a stock market and, less certainly, a trade recession, in order to "learn" Mr. Roosevelt; but it did not intend to create a slump even of the present dimensions. It looks very much as though the downward movement has now got out of hand and that it may be beyond the President's power, even if he has the will, to arrest it before terrific damage is done to America's economy.

* * *

The Cagoulard revelations this week have had no adverse effects on the welcome firmness of the French franc's exchange value. Notwithstanding the news that M. Bonnet has decided to make further provision for salary increases to the *fonctionnaires*, there continues to be a steady repatriation of French funds from the United States. The spot rate has been pegged at fractionally over 147, but the discount on three months forward francs has narrowed to under Frs. 2½, and the Stabilisation Fund is understood to have gained a considerable volume of foreign exchange. A good impression was made by the decision of the French Government to repay next month the £40,000,000 loan given to the French railways by a group of British banks. The franc equivalent of the debt is now roughly Frs. 6,000 millions, as compared with about Frs. 4,200 millions when the credit was granted. It was argued in some quarters that even if the entire proceeds of the recent Swiss loan are utilised for this repayment, the Bank of France and the Stabilisation Fund must find between them Frs. 4,500 millions worth of foreign exchange, and that this represents a dangerous weakening of the resources available to defend the franc. On the other hand, failure to liquidate this credit at its due date would have militated against the chances of fresh temporary aid, should the franc need support in the future. Moreover, there is reason to believe that the present holding of foreign exchange in the Stabilisation Fund may be as high as Frs. 10,000 millions—a figure sufficient to justify proposed sterling repayment. The transfer of Frs. 3 milliards of gold from the Fund to the reserves of the Bank of France has also been interpreted by the market as a reassuring sign of confidence on the part of the Government. Economically, the most important bull point for the franc is that the downward trend of world commodity prices is diminishing the risk of currency depreciation in France being followed by an inconveniently steep rise in the cost of living. It may be that in this respect France will enjoy the same stroke of luck as Britain enjoyed in 1931.

* * *

The fears which I expressed last week that, notwithstanding reports of last minute repentance of unilateral default, the outlook for holders of Brazilian bonds was black, were soon justified. Last Saturday, after a Cabinet meeting, President Vargas announced that the remittance of funds for the service of the foreign debt would be definitely suspended forthwith, and the suspension would be continued until a new agreement was concluded "in accordance with Brazil's resources." The test of capacity to pay is likely to be interpreted by the Dictator in ways highly unpalatable to holders of the bonds, and San Paulo Sevens have dropped to £52, as compared with a 1937 "high" of £100, and £83 on the eve of the original threat of default on November 11th.

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Air Raid Precautions

The following Supplement analyses from various points of view the proposed scheme of Air Raid Precautions. The first article attempts to elucidate the Government's policy as disclosed in last week's Parliamentary Debate. This is followed by an examination of the finance of the scheme and the probable cost of "adequate" protection. In succeeding articles, Dr. Haden Guest, M.P., discusses the A. R. P. Services which it is proposed to set up in co-operation with the civilian population; Dr. W. A. Wooster examines critically the efficacy of the "protection" contemplated; and Mr. Neil Lawson reviews the bearing of the present Bill on the rights of individuals and of local authorities.

THE GOVERNMENT'S POLICY

THE Air Raid Precautions Bill marks an important step in the Government's preparations for war. Until now there was nothing official to indicate the new position of the civil population in respect to their duties in war time. The question of air raid precautions had been before the country for a long time, an Air Raid Precautions Department in the Home Office was in existence, and certain plans had been prepared. But there had been no opportunity for discussion in Parliament of the implication of these measures. When the Bill was produced, however, it appeared as an extraordinarily empty document. It is a very short measure and lays down only in the barest outline what types of air raid precautions are considered necessary. Its terms are extremely vague; all details are left to regulations which have subsequently to be issued, and are here being legislated for in advance. The local authorities who have to carry out the schemes are obliged to do so before they know what the schemes are, or have any idea of the cost they will involve. The essence of the Bill is its financial provision which regulates the relative charge on the Exchequer and on the local authorities for the air raid precautions. The general principle is that some percentage of the cost, between 15 and 40 per cent., is to be borne by the local authorities, but there is little indication of what the actual cost will be. The figure given, of £32,000,000 spread over four years, is, as the debate showed, merely a guess and omits many important and necessary items.

The course of the debate did a little to clear up the vagueness of the Bill itself, but it brought out far more clearly the essential confusion that underlay the drafting of the Bill, the violently different attitudes which have been taken by the Government and its supporters on the nature of air raid precautions and the general ignorance of Members on both sides of the House of the issues with which they are faced—an ignorance fostered by the evasiveness and secrecy of Government Departments. Though the Bill itself contains no hint as to any general principles of air raid defence, Sir Samuel Hoare in opening the debate enunciated them with a frankness almost as appalling as Mr. Baldwin's. To him and, presumably, to the other members of the Government, air raid precautions are military auxiliary service:

> We have got to make the aeroplane as little dangerous to the British Empire as we have made the submarine. If we are to succeed in our effort, we must have, not only a concentrated, but also a well-balanced programme co-ordinated at the top, stretching over the three particular branches of Service activities. We must have, in the first place, an Air Force strong enough to maintain the initiative in air fighting; secondly, anti-aircraft guns, supported by searchlights and the other methods of modern detection, far more numerous and far more accurate than any we possessed in the War; and, thirdly, on the ground, a system of air raid precautions that will achieve two objectives: that will, in the first place, ensure the country against panic, and, in the second place, will ensure that the services of the country, without which a civilised community cannot exist, will continue to be maintained. An Air Force that is deficient in either of these two fields is in a position of direct inferiority to an Air Force that is supported in these two fields. An Air Force may have the same number of first-line machines as that of a hostile Power, but if it is not supported by an effective system of anti-aircraft guns and searchlights and an organisation on the ground, it will have a greater difficulty in preventing a panic and a rupture in the national life than that Air Force which is not in a position of this inferiority.
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> Further than that, it will be impeded at every turn in carrying out its tactics and its strategy. Inevitably, if there is no effective ground organisation, when an air attack takes place there will be such an outcry from the various centres of population for local defence that the Air Force will be tied down to the local defence of this or that centre of industry or population. How well I remember, when I was at the Air Ministry, Lord Trenchard, the pioneer of air strategy, saying to me over and over again, "The Air Force that is tied down to local defence will not be able to maintain its initiative and strategy. It is an Air Force that has lost the air war." I claim that an Air Force that is not supported by this ground organisation will almost inevitably be tied down to local defence, and will find itself in a position of great inferiority to an Air Force supported from the ground. It is essential, therefore, that we now organise a comprehensive plan, as complete as can reasonably be effected, of ground organisation, and, by organising it, we shall be able to go far to guarantee the country against panic and the stoppage of the national life, and we shall be able to enable the Fighting Services to sustain their proper tactics and strategy.

It could hardly be said more plainly that air raid precautions are intended primarily to secure the bases for offensive military operations and to relieve from defensive duties forces that could be used offensively. There is no mention in this or any other part of the Home Secretary's speech of air raid precautions aimed primarily at the protection of the civil population except in so far as lack of this protection impedes military measures; hence the extreme reluctance of the Government in regard to bomb-proof shelters and evacuation schemes. The prevention of panic and the prompt clearing away of casualties and damage appear to them more important than the prevention of these casualties. Nevertheless, the Government's spokesmen had appreciated that something reassuring to the general population needed to be said, and Sir Samuel Hoare's, Mr. Wedderburn's and Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd's speeches were designed to give a picture of a comprehensive and well-thought-out protection scheme. That they had lamentably failed to do so was brought out by the criticisms, mostly emanating from the Conservative benches. The Government used the convenient assumption that the method of attack would be either by means of high explosive, incendiary or gas bombs. They announced what they were proposing, or not proposing, to do about each of these, but carefully evaded the suggestion that all three types of attack might be used simultaneously.

Against high explosive the Government had nothing positive to offer. Protection against the larger of these bombs they considered too costly to be practicable and thus they relied on dispersion or, in plain English, on leaving people unprotected except for, in the words of the Minister, "makeshift refuges under their own roofs," and "public shelters to provide protection against blast and splinters." Dispersal means that the casualties from high explosive will be simply pro-

portionate to the number of bombs that can be dropped indiscriminately in open areas and the density of population of those areas.

Against fire the Department proposes an additional number, unspecified, of small mobile fire engines and a peculiar combination of pump, bucket, shovel and hoe, by which it is hoped that householders may succeed in dealing with individual incendiary bombs. Against gas they have the refuge room and the twenty million 2*s.* 9*d.* gas masks. Such questions as the breaking up of the refuge room by high explosives and its forced evacuation by fire which it would be practically impossible for occupants in a sealed-off room to deal with, were never considered at all.

The Bill itself contains very little either to attack or commend. And yet the debate produced an almost uninterrupted stream of criticism of the Government's Air Raid Precautions Department and all its works. The Department's schemes were criticised on technical, administrative and financial grounds. Most of the criticism came in fact from Conservative backbenchers and represented what, but for the restraints of party loyalty, would have been a devastating attack on the present administration of the Home Office and, even more so, on that of Sir John Simon. Conservatives were particularly distressed by the delay of almost two and a half years which had occurred since the setting up of the Department and the submission of this extremely vague and obviously ill-thought-out and preliminary Bill.

The Labour Party Opposition was on different grounds. Here the main objection, as voiced by Herbert Morrison, was on finance, but the responsibility of the National Government for the international situation necessitating the Bill was also repeatedly stressed. The two technical points which came in for the most vehement criticisms were the weakness of the proposed measures in regard to air raid shelters and to evacuation. The Government showed the greatest reluctance to take these seriously and seemed to be oblivious of, or indifferent to, the fact that without either evacuation or large-scale semi-bomb-proof shelters, the population of most port districts and industrial centres would be doomed to destruction in the event of a serious air raid. Some Members favoured shelters and some evacuation, but the whole House seemed to be agreed that one or the other would be necessary. Particularly devastating attacks on the proposed measures were made on the Conservative side by Mr. Sandys and Mr. Simmons, and on the Labour side by Dr. Haden Guest.

The key to Government reluctance to satisfy Members was implicit in the objects of the Bill, as expressed by Sir Samuel Hoare. Any serious attempt to provide real protection for the civil population and not merely reassurances which would prevent panic would, in the first place, involve the Government in an outlay which would necessarily trench on military expenditure and, secondly, would involve such interference with existing interests and the whole life of the nation as to make any Government carrying them out in peace time excessively unpopular. Hence the animus against critics of the precaution schemes, particularly against critics of the most widely advertised security of the gas-proof room. As long as the efficacy of these precautions is not doubted it is hoped that effective precautions will not be demanded. The enormous problems of protection of the docks, of water supplies, of transport and other public utilities have admittedly not been touched, nor has the question of protecting the working population. The administrative machinery proposed by the Government shows a confusion between a desire for control and one for avoidance of responsibility and expense.

The same confusion was shown in the debate. To many Conservative Members air raid precautions seemed to appear as one of the "social services" on which it was essential to "economise," while to others they appeared as part of the older Services for which no cost could be too great. The question of total cost depends almost entirely on whether any measures for evacuation or for shelters are taken. It was quite apparent that in that case the figure given by the Government would have to be multiplied five to ten times. The difficulty was emphasised by the demand voiced by Conservative Members for shelters for factory workers on work of national importance, which alone would involve expenditure of the order of a hundred millions. There was little effective opposition to the Bill. The Labour Party, torn between its instinctive dislike for the Bill and its fear of appearing to leave its supporters defenceless, felt unable to oppose it except on financial grounds. Mr. Herbert Morrison seemed so anxious to relieve the municipal authorities of an unlimited financial burden which would endanger social services, that he went out of his way to ask for complete Government control:

> Instead of the local authorities being bodies that can argue as to how much money they are going to spend—and, of course, they are bound to argue when the State imposes expenditure on them—is it not better, as a matter of clean cut, swift administration that the State should bear the whole cost, make the local authorities agents, and put us in the position, in which we are willing to be put, namely, that we must do what the State tells us to do? . . . but this is a matter on which the local authorities do not want autonomy, and I venture to say to this House that it is a matter upon which they ought not to have autonomy but in which they ought to act as the instruments and agents of the State.

The question of whether the local expenditure should be limited to a 2*d.* rate was considered more important than that of surrendering local administration over matters affecting not only local government but every individual member of the population.

The other political alternative to Air Raid Precautions, that of changing the present foreign policy of the Government and attempting to secure through support of the League internationalisation of air forces and general disarmament, though stressed in Noel Baker's speech and in George Lansbury's broken-hearted appeal, found little response in the debate.

The debate has brought the House and the public for the first time face to face with the problem of protection against air attack. It has not shown the solution of that problem, but has laid bare at any rate some of its fundamental aspects. The Government has proposed a scheme of air raid precautions which is essentially military. It does not attempt any adequate protection of the civil population. The whole of its proceedings are marked with the combination of political short-sightedness and administrative confusion and inefficiency. Lastly, from the political angle, it should be remembered that Air Raid Precautions have been made a powerful weapon by which the civil population in countries like Germany have been subjected to a detailed supervision in every act of their lives and to a complete subservience to a military machine. The same may happen here unless these tendencies can be checked at the outset.

THE COST OF "PROTECTION"

IN the controversy on air raid precautions the financial aspect has loomed very large. It is almost exclusively on this ground that the objections of the local authorities and of the Labour Party have been based. Yet extremely little is known or has been published on the finance of air raid precautions, and the Government Bill, though it makes provisions for the distribution of cost, does not indicate, except tentatively in the covering memorandum, what the cost is likely to be. Indeed, the persistent refusal of the Government to accept a limitation of a twopenny rate on the local authorities' contribution indicates that they have very little faith in the possibility of keeping the cost of precautions to anything like the total figure of £32 millions, which appears in their original estimate. One of the major objections to the scheme for air raid precautions at present proposed is that the incidence of the cost of these precautions will be most inequitable, and that the heaviest burdens will be placed on the poorest sections of the community, who will at the same time be exposed to the greatest danger. The principle of the Government policy is that the main onus of protection against air raids should fall on the householder and the employer of labour, the

function of the Government and of the local authorities being limited to the providing of necessary specialised apparatus, to the maintenance of certain services and to the clearing up of the human and material damage produced by the raid. It is laid down that the duty of the householder or the employer of labour will be to provide a room, originally only gas-proof, but now to be blast- and splinter-proof as well, for all his family or employees, but there is little suggestion as to how much this will cost. The Government handbooks are not very helpful, but estimates based on already perfected schemes abroad, as well as statements made in the House in the course of the debate, make it clear that this cost, far from being a negligible item, is likely, even under the minimum scheme suggested by the Government, to be far the largest item in the cost of air raid precautions.

The present scheme envisages in the course of the four years which are proposed for perfecting precautions an expenditure on equipment, gas masks and fire-fighting appliances, etc., of £20 millions by the Government, and a further contribution, estimated at about £8 millions, from them to the local authorities, who are expected to find £4,000,000 themselves. Within this estimate only £7,000,000 is allocated for actual capital expenditure in localities on casualty and decontamination centres, on securing municipal buildings, and on providing public shelters for those caught in the streets and also for those whose ordinary houses are not well enough constructed to be turned into effective shelters. These sums will probably turn out in practice to be enormously underestimated, but it is in relation to them that we have to consider the charge that will fall on the employer and on the householder.

It is possible to make some kind of an estimate of the numbers of blast- and gas-proof shelters required in different categories, according to the Department's own recommendations. Air raids may come at any time of day or night, but the way the population is distributed at different hours makes it impossible for one set of shelters to do for different times. If we divide the twenty-four hours into three sets of eight, a night from 11.0 p.m. to 7.0 a.m., a day from 10.0 a.m. to 6.0 p.m., and count the remaining hours as morning and evening, we can make some estimate as to the average distribution of the urban population. At night some 95 per cent. are in their homes, and 5 per cent. at work. In the day, on the average, only 33 per cent. will be at home, 25 per cent. will be in offices or factories, some 17 per cent. will be travelling, or occupied in distributing work, 10 per cent. will be in school, and 15 per cent. will be in shops. In the morning and evening, 60 per cent. will be at home, 13 per cent. at work, 17 per cent. will be travelling or doing distributing work, and 10 per cent. will be either shopping or at places of entertainment. Any persons more than ten minutes' walk away from their homes or their place of work during an air raid will require shelter. There will, therefore, need to be at least four types of shelter; the home shelter, or its substitute, for the whole of the urban population, say, twenty million people living in cities of larger than fifty thousand; shelters in factories and offices for at least a quarter of this number, five million people; shelters for travellers or people in the streets (another three million), and school shelters for two million. Besides these, large shops and cinemas will need shelters, not only for their staffs but for their clients. This is a total of non-domestic shelters of at least ten million. Of this, the cost of the domestic shelters will fall entirely on the householders, the factory, office and shop shelters on employers, and the remainder on the municipalities.

Now experience abroad shows that with the large and relatively well-built continental houses, it costs about ten shillings per head to provide blast- and splinter-proof shelters. If we accept this figure as an absolute minimum for English constructions, which need much more reinforcement, and add to it the cost of gas-proofing and fire-fighting equipment, which cannot be less than another ten shillings per head, the cost to the householder can hardly be less than a pound a head, or five pounds per average family. For the other shelters the cost will need to be greater because, housing more people per shelter, they require to be more substantially built. No one has claimed to be able to make splinter- and gas-proof public or industrial shelters for less than two pounds per head. On the basis of these absolutely minimum figures, the local authorities would be obliged to spend £10,000,000 on shelters alone, which is three million more than the total capital expenditure which the Government estimates. The total cost to employers will be of the order of £20,000,000, and to individual citizens another twenty million. Their aggregate expenditure will, therefore, be far larger than the total of £27,000,000 which the Government expect to devote to capital expenditure.

The real situation, however, is far worse than these figures would seem to show, because it is not only the sums spent, but the way they are distributed that inflict the greatest hardships. Air raid protection makes no distinction of person. Everybody needs—whether he will get it or not is another question—the same degree of protection. Therefore the charge of protection on the individual is really the most inequitable form of tax, namely, a poll tax. The capital cost every working-class family would have to meet would be five pounds, which is a very large sum in any case, and quite prohibitive for the poorer paid workers, not to mention the unemployed, and this is for the cheapest form of protection compatible with the Government's own expressed intentions. In comparison with this, the onus placed on the local authorities may appear trifling, not amounting, according to the Government's own estimates, to as much as one penny rate, which may be estimated to bring four and a half million pounds a year. The Government claims by adjusting the local contribution according to the block grant system of 60 to 75 per cent. on the first penny and 75 to 85 per cent. thereafter to spread the charge between rich and poor boroughs, but great inequalities are left. The amount of protection, and the cost of protection, for different localities will be vastly discrepant. Take as one example a borough such as Poplar, with approximately one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and in which a penny rate brings in three thousand pounds. Poplar, through its proximity to the docks, is exposed to probably as great a danger as any other place in the kingdom. It will be quite impossible to make the majority of the houses in Poplar gas-proof, much less proof against high explosives, and it should be remembered that proximity to the docks means that high explosives will certainly be used. It will, therefore, be necessary, under the Government's own scheme, to provide shelters for at least half the population of the borough, say, eighty thousand people, and this means for the shelters alone an expenditure of £160,000. If we add to this the other services, the total can hardly come to less than £200,000. Over each of the four years which are needed to complete the preparations the charge would therefore be £50,000. Assuming that Poplar comes under the worst Government category, the Government contribution, calculated at the rate of 75 per cent. for the first penny, and 85 per cent. subsequently, would be about £42,800, and that of the borough £8,000, or very nearly a threepenny rate, and this for a borough which has already the greatest difficulty in providing its social services. Compare to this a borough like Kensington which is less exposed to danger and more easily protected, and would get away with the rate of well under a halfpenny in the pound.

All this represents only the working out in practice of the unmodified Government scheme, but we know well enough that that scheme offers only a parody of protection for the civil population. If we are to work out schemes giving protection even equivalent to that offered in France or Germany, the cost will be far greater. Now it seems probable that when the question of air raid precautions is taken seriously, demands will be made for more adequate schemes. It will then be found that having passed this Bill and laid down the contributions of local authorities, leaving the main burden on the householder and the employer, Parliament has created an intolerable economic situation. It can be estimated that

to provide anything like adequate protection, not absolute but at least preventing avoidable casualties, would cost in the aggregate £500 millions, or over ten times the figure mentioned by the Government, though still only a third of the expenditure required by rearmament. Such a scheme would involve fairly substantial shelters for the population, both by day and night, and a certain measure of evacuation and food storage. It would not protect against the heavier type of high-explosive bomb, but it would limit very considerably the casualties caused by these bombs, and, taken in conjunction with a multiplied fire service, would prevent the utter destruction of crowded areas, which would certainly occur if only the proposed precautions were taken.

Now, if once the public realise the danger from the air, and demand adequate precautions, and the present Bill remains unmodified, the distribution of charge on the various sections of the population will be quite intolerable. Of these £500 millions, £250 millions would fall on householders, £100 millions on employers, £25 millions, equivalent to a fivepenny rate, on local authorities, and £125 millions on the Government. It is clear that such a situation has never been faced. The Government as yet has no intention of providing anything like adequate protection, and is only prepared to pay a minimum contribution towards protection of any kind. What it has offered up to now has only been on account of the vigorous refusal of the local authorities, on whose collaboration it is absolutely dependent, to shoulder the greatest part of the burden, but in relation to air raid precautions this attitude will not be tenable much longer. Once the Government, by their own propaganda, have roused the country to a realisation of the air danger, the public will demand more adequate protection, and demand that it should not be paid for by the people who can least afford it.

THE A.R.P. SERVICES

How far can Air Raid Precautions give effective protection to the civilian population? In my view to a very great extent if the problem is faced as it is, with the realisation that the problem is the new one to military science of an entire nation in the area of active combat. Some areas, such as remote agricultural districts of England, Scotland and Wales, are very unlikely to be attacked, because the military objectives are few or absent, and the numbers of the civilian population are few and scattered. Other areas, such as London, the Birmingham or Lancashire industrial regions, Hull, Newcastle, Glasgow or Aberdeen are, all of them, tempting to an enemy as points of military or industrial importance and as centres of massed urban populations. Some are more easily attacked than others. London is a more important objective than Aberdeen, but each or any or all of these places might be attacked and Air Raid Precautions are necessary for all.

The A.R.P. services are now recruiting an army which may be anything from a quarter to half a million persons, men and women, which will consist largely of volunteers, but partly of highly trained men and women for dealing with special departments who will be paid wages or will receive a "retaining" fee. The medical treatment side of the organisation, the staffs of first aid posts and hospitals, stretcher-bearers and first aid parties will be largely volunteers. Numbers of extra fire-fighting personnel will be volunteers also. The air raid wardens will be volunteers. But decontamination squads for clearing away any liquid mustard gas from streets, buildings, etc., breakdown and repair gangs, water, gas, electricity and sewer repair gangs, gas detection officers and ambulance drivers will need to be on a basis of paid staff. In some cases all that will be required will be a retaining fee and payment during periods of training.

The whole of the police are being trained, the whole of the medical profession, the nursing profession and various allied professions are being instructed, and all will be allocated various duties if the emergency arises, partly on the basis of paid services, partly as volunteers.

In addition to all this, instruction in the means of self-protection is to be given to the general population and this means the organisation of a corps of teachers and demonstrators.

A number of local authorities have already appointed air raid protection officers to give them expert advice and co-ordinate A.R.P. activities in their area, and all local authorities will have to do so.

The air raid precautions services in the localities will necessarily be organised as local services under the local authority carrying out the general plan laid down by the A.R.P. department of the Home Office. In order to get the work done and to meet very varying local conditions it is necessary to give the local authority as much power and freedom as possible. Each local authority will have to aim at being entirely self-sufficient if it is cut off from communication with other areas or with the Government by destruction of railways, telegraph and other means of communication during an air raid. This will throw an immense responsibility on local authorities but it is a responsibility which no one else can assume. If the Government were to attempt to organise air raid precautions as a national service they would be compelled to set up duplicate local authorities all over the country. As it is, existing local services will be expanded to take on new duties.

The street clearing service under the Medical Officer of Health will expand to a decontamination service to clear the streets and buildings of mustard gas, to cleanse mustard-contaminated clothing at special disinfecting stations called "Mustard Laundries," and to deal with the contents of buildings by an extension of the infectious fever fumigation and disinfection services. Similarly, the highway service will expand to repair shattered roads; the engineers' service to repair of water mains, electric and gas mains, sewers, houses and other buildings, and so on.

The total of all these services is vast and will in each area be controlled by the local authority. Practical steps should be taken at once to see that the direction of local services is done in a thoroughly democratic manner, that Trade Unions have representation on any special committee set up so as to watch conditions of those employed as volunteers as well as those paid wages. The question of compensation for injury or death should be settled early. The chain of responsibility from the Government to the local authority and from the local authority to each and all of those it employs as volunteers or paid members of its staff should be clearly drawn and fully understood.

This large A.R.P. army will require training for each of its branches and will require exercises in black-outs and mock air raids in order that in each locality its services may be able to work together. All of this will cost money and in my view the £1,300,000 allocated by the Government as the total annual non-capital expenditure of local authorities for the next four years will be found insufficient for these purposes.

How then, will the plan of air raid precautions work? There is first the problem of the recruitment of the A.R.P. army. That, I believe, can be overcome but it may necessitate payment of training or allowances which will, in the aggregate, amount to a large sum.

There is second, the problem of fire prevention. That can successfully be tackled by the use of enough apparatus, of special fire-proofing arrangements where required and probably the payment for training.

The first aid post and hospital services can be organised successfully if mass casualties from incendiary and high explosive bombs are prevented and if mass casualties from mustard liquid can be prevented. Indeed, from an examination of fire prevention, casualties organisation and the successful functioning of all other services, there emerge two dominant considerations:

1. That massed populations must be evacuated from dangerous areas.

2. That treatment for prevention of mustard casualties must be obtainable anywhere within five minutes.

The most urgent problem is that of evacuation of dense or dangerously situated populations. It has been said that under conditions of air invasion the whole country is in the area of active combat. Therefore, in every area liable to attack the numbers of the civilian population in these areas must be reduced to the minimum essential for carrying on necessary work and services. This applies to most big cities and the problem of evacuation is gigantic. In London the population of the Dock region and other vulnerable areas will need to be distributed over the Home Counties by billeting in the houses in the countryside, as soldiers are billeted.

When should this be done? It will be necessary to fix a time for A.R.P. mobilisation. The same time should be chosen for evacuation of the civilians who do not have to stay behind. Can this evacuation be carried out effectively before serious air raids have been experienced? On the answer to this will depend whether we are to have orderly distribution of population from attacked cities or disorderly flight in time of danger.

Let me state the problem of mustard "gas," which is a liquid. If mustard liquid falls on the bare skin it must be removed within five minutes or a "burn" will be produced in twenty-four hours. If mustard falls on the clothing that clothing must be removed within fifteen minutes, and the body washed and clothing changed, or a casualty will be produced in the same period. The casualties may not be severe, the death rate is low and recovery usual, but every case becomes a casualty needing hospital treatment.

The Government propose one "centre" at which this anti-mustard treatment can be done for every square mile of a city area. In a congested area there might be hundreds of mustard-contaminated persons in one street. The proposal is inadequate. The remedy is (i) instruction to the general population on method of removal of mustard—a fairly easy thing; (ii) emergency mustard treatment arrangements at every air raid warden's post; (iii) increase of mustard treatment centres; (iv) most important of all, and as said before, evacuation of all but minimum population required from dangerous and congested areas to reduce numbers exposed.

The gas-proof refuge room and the gas-mask will each give protection under suitable conditions, but where an area—as the London Docks—is attacked with high explosive and incendiary bombs and is, in addition, overcrowded and full of buildings which cannot be protected, nothing but large-scale evacuation can be considered as really adequate. It is by the efficacy of evacuation plans and mustard gas treatment plans that the A.R.P. Services will be judged; and on these plans the Government should give a definite instruction.

L. HADEN GUEST

THE EFFICACY OF PROTECTION

IT was clear from the debate in the House of Commons on November 15th and 16th that many speakers agreed with Mr. Simmonds when he remarked on the "imperative necessity of evacuation, and . . . the importance of bomb-proof shelters." The Government showed that they have at best only tentative and small schemes of evacuation and have no intention of providing bomb-proof shelters for anyone. In view of the experience of people from Madrid and Valencia who report that everyone endeavours to go to an underground shelter during a raid, it seems that our Government has embarked on a doubtful policy.

The purpose of this article is not, however, to discuss what the Government should have proposed, but to examine critically what is actually put forward in the policy of the Air Raid Precautions Department. The gas-proof room is suggested as the first defence of the civilian population and it is, therefore, necessary to form an estimate of the number of people who for lack of accommodation cannot provide themselves with such a room. According to Mr. Noel Baker's speech in the House, there are between seven and eight million such people in the country. Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, who is in charge of the Air Raid Precautions Department, endeavoured to belittle this important criticism by saying: "But it was never contemplated and it is quite unnecessary that the refuge room which is to be gas-proofed should be a separate room. It is a room in which people can live all the time." A comparison of the two editions of the Handbooks No. 2, 1st Edition, 1935, and No. 1, 1st Edition, 1937, both of which deal with personal protection against gas, shows that whatever is thought now, in 1935 at any rate the gas-proofed room was not intended to be used for normal living purposes. Where families must live in the gas-proofed room, the door, fireplace, and a part of the window must be left unsealed until the time of emergency. From experience in gas-proofing about twenty rooms it is possible to say that sealing up the door, fireplace and a portion of the window, could not be done by trained people, with all the materials to hand, in less than half an hour. This is assuming that the instructions given in the Handbooks are followed. Of course, if gas-proofing simply means shutting the door and pushing newspapers up the chimney, it can be done in less time. Perhaps that was what Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd had in mind when he said: "This is a process which could be completed in a minute or two." It is strange that such statements can be made by persons holding responsible positions, because they destroy confidence in the capacity of the people making them. An omission from the Handbook No. 1, 1st Edition, in the instructions for gas-proofing a room also suggest that the people who wrote the instructions had not tested their own recommendations. There is no mention of the air-bricks below the floor level, which ventilate the floor, and the householder is not recommended to seal up the gap between the skirting board and the floor. Unless the air bricks are closed, gas enters from outside relatively easily, as may readily be demonstrated by liberating some smelly stuff outside a gas-proofed room the air bricks of which have not been covered by earth. Perhaps the booklet which has been promised so long will contain instructions on both these points; but one is justified in questioning the competence of those who originally drew up the Handbook No. 1, published late this year.

Even after allowing for mistakes which even the best people may make, I was surprised to hear Commander Hodsall maintain, after a public display of air raid precautions in Cambridge, that phosgene is a particulate gas (smoke), and that it is stopped, not by the activated charcoal, but by the pad of asbestos and merino wool in the respirator. This happens to be contrary to what is known to any scientist, and it would be illuminating to know why phosgene changes its character in the Air Raid Precautions Department.

With regard to the experiments on Salisbury Plain, which Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd described in the debate, it is interesting to recall that on February 22nd of this year, in reply to a question by Mr. John Parker, he said: "It would not be in the public interest to disclose details of the experiments upon which the Government's plans are based. . . ." It is strange that it should be in the public interest to disclose the nature of these experiments some nine months later. A report appeared in the *Times* on November 18th, stating that Commander Hodsall said that the experiments were really an answer to the scientists who criticised the Home Office proposals, which suggests that the much-abused Cambridge scientists stirred the Home Office to test their own proposals. It is important to weigh carefully the evidence which Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd presented to the House. On the surface this seemed to show that even though very large quantities of poison gas (chlorine and mustard gas) were liberated outside a gas-proof room no effective amount got in. The lack of most of the relevant details of the experiments makes it impossible to accept these facts without serious question. According to Hansard the experiments were carried out by using a room in a house. But

what were the walls made of, and how thick were they; what was the number and size of the windows; what was the temperature on the days the experiments were performed; were the walls damp or dry; what was the wind strength? All of these factors make a great difference to the result to be expected from the experiment. The relevant details about the tests for the presence of poison gas in the gas-proof room are also missing. Animals are mentioned as suffering no harm after staying in the room for 20 hours. What animals were they, and do they react in the same way to poison gas as human beings? It is known that some animals do not. Then with regard to the poison gas used—what was the concentration outside the house, and how long was that concentration maintained? We are told that a man could have remained in the room quite safely. Then why was the experiment not repeated with the man inside? Perhaps the experiments were well done, but from the report so far presented no scientists could conclude that they were. Apart from criticisms that may be raised concerning the experiments that were done, something should be said about the lack of repetition of the experiments in different houses, on different days, under different atmospheric conditions and in a built-up area, not only on Salisbury Plain.

After the gas-proof room the citizen's next line of defence is the gas-mask. Unlike the gas-proof room no independent body of scientists has been able to test the gas-mask because the Home Office has consistently refused to allow this to be done. Comparison between the British and Continental civilian respirators is therefore reduced to a study of the photographs and descriptions which appear in the journals, such as the German *Gasschutz und Luftschutz* and the Russian "Chemistry and Defence," both of which are devoted to air raid precautions. Two technical points which arise are concerned with the passage of arsenical smokes through the filter, and the fitting of the mask to the head of the wearer. Any member of the general public who attends a public exhibition where the British civilian mask is on show can verify that cigarette smoke easily passes through the filter. If he dons the mask and then holds a lighted cigarette under the canister he will at once smell the cigarette. Should there be a French mask on another stand he will find on repeating the test that no trace of the smoke penetrates the filter. It may, of course, be true that it is very difficult to disperse smoke in such quantity that the amount penetrating the British mask will be harmful. The ignorant layman may well ask, however, why it is that the French mask is provided with a special filter which cuts out, according to the French Government specification, all trace of fine smoke during a test lasting three minutes—a much more stringent demand than is made by the British Government.

Then with regard to the mask fitting on to the face, it would seem that the essential requirement for a civilian mask is that ordinary people shall be able to wear it easily, without much training. Our British mask may be much cheaper than the Continental masks (which range from 9*s.* to 24*s.*), but if many instructors have to be employed and much time consumed in teaching people how to wear it, the cheapness will be less obvious. The great difference between the British mask and the Continental one is in the size of the face-piece. The German and Russian masks have helmets which cover the whole head as well as the face. The Swiss and Czechoslovakian masks have moulded face-pieces. In a number of details, such as the provision of outlet valves, anti-dimming windows and the number of head bands, the British civilian mask appears inferior to all others, though it is impossible to be sure of this until all types have been tried out on a representative sample of ordinary people. The general public might reasonably expect to be informed in detail on whose authority, and for what reasons, it was decided to produce 30 million of this particular type of mask, and whether the order was preceded by an extensive trial on a number of people.

With regard to the problem presented by the small incendiary bombs, it is probably true that ordinary people can, with some training and with proper apparatus, put out the fires started by incendiary bombs provided they are tackled as soon as the bomb itself has burnt out. But no solution has yet been proposed for resolving the dilemma of the householder who is expected both to stay in his gas-proof room until the sirens warn him that the attack is over, and also to extinguish fires in the top of his own house as soon as they start.

W. A. WOOSTER

CIVIL LIBERTIES UNDER THE SCHEME

THE local authorities whose duty it is under the Air Raid Precautions Bill to prepare local schemes for submission to the approval of the Home Office are (*a*) in the case of "general precautions schemes" County Councils (having first consulted with the District Councils within the County) or County Borough Councils; but the Home Secretary may authorise a Borough or Urban District Council within a County to prepare and submit its own scheme; (*b*) in the case of "fire precautions schemes," the local authorities selected are, generally speaking, those at present entrusted with Fire Prevention duties, i.e., County Borough, Borough and Urban District Councils. It is important, however, to note that the Home Secretary may in any case direct the submission of schemes by joint committees representing two or more local authorities. Despite the apparent responsibility conferred upon local authorities under the Bill, the control of all precautions schemes is in fact vested in the Home Secretary. Not only is he empowered to determine what local authorities shall prepare and submit schemes and with what matters the schemes of all or any local authorities shall deal, but he is also empowered to make Regulations with the force of law as to the contents of all or any schemes, to modify any scheme before giving his approval and in default of a local authority submitting a satisfactory scheme he may himself make a scheme for any area.

A consideration of the powers enjoyed by the Home Secretary under the Bill indicates clearly that he possesses well-nigh dictatorial powers and that the local authorities are in fact, as their representatives have contended, placed in the position of mere agents carrying out in their respective areas the decisions of the Central Government. The subordinate and purely administrative position of local authorities is made clear beyond doubt by the provisions of the Bill as to the contents of precautions schemes. The very matters with which schemes are to deal are left by the Bill to be defined by the Home Secretary's Regulations. The initial duty of the local authority is merely to provide for the authorities and persons by whom the local arrangements concerning the matters prescribed in the Regulations are to be carried out. Beyond this, their only duty is to enforce and execute in their respective areas the Regulations, Orders and approved Schemes of the Home Secretary.

Quite apart from the nature of its financial provisions, the Bill is from the viewpoint of the local authorities thoroughly objectionable. It gives them the appearance without the reality of responsibility for the content of the scheme to be enforced in their area; it leaves the scope and content of every Scheme to be defined by the Home Secretary; it involves local authorities in serious financial responsibilities entailed in the execution of Government Regulations in the framing of which they have no voice and against which they have no appeal. It is true that the Bill beyond providing that it shall be the duty of local authorities to carry out the provisions of approved Schemes, etc., does not appear to provide any means of compulsion or any penalty on default. Sir Samuel Hoare, in the course of the debate, hinted that supersession of a recalcitrant local authority might have to be provided for in certain cases; but it is obvious that the object of the financial provisions is to enable the Government by indirect means (i.e. the withholding of grants) to bend the local authorities to their will.

Although the Bill leaves to the local authorities' schemes, or

the Home Secretary's Regulations, the selection of the authorities and personnel by whom the precautions arrangements are to be executed, the general outlines of the machinery to be set up have been made clear in Official Memoranda and in the House of Commons. Ambitiously enough the regimentation of the whole civilian population on somewhat Swiftean lines is foreshadowed. The executive officers will consist, firstly, of the police, "the regular troops," as Sir Samuel Hoare with happy inspiration called them, whose duties will be of a general character; secondly, of the special "air raids precautions officers" appointed by the local authority and entrusted mainly with organisational duties; thirdly, of the Air Wardens, the key men in the schemes; and, lastly, of the individual householder.

The Air Wardens, whose duty it will be to see to the actual execution of "air raid precautions" by the population, are to be volunteers, selected and approved (according to Memoranda) by the local authority in conjunction with the local police. It is clearly important that the Wardens whose prime duty will be "to undertake responsibility for the safety of a street or block of houses," should be persons of the utmost reliability. Such responsibility can only be fulfilled by ensuring that every individual householder in the Warden's area has well and truly performed those duties which the local authority's scheme or the Home Secretary's Regulations lay upon him. Again it will be the Warden's duty to satisfy himself of those persons in his area who can or cannot be relied on in an "emergency." The Warden's duties will involve an intimate knowledge of his "wards" which can only be acquired by visitation, inspection, discussion and interrogation, and, of course, he will have authority to issue orders and instructions necessary to secure the smooth and efficient working of the provisions of the Schemes and Regulations.

The lowest "officer" in the precautions machine will be the individual householder. It will be his duty to provide at his own cost a refuge room, to buy that little bucket, sand and spade by which the Home Secretary, grimly jesting, plans that Britons shall combat "the most dangerous form of air attack"—the incendiary bomb—to remove books, papers and other combustibles from his premises, to obey the Air Warden, and to carry out those other things which it will become the duty of the well-disposed citizen to do. As compensation for the regimentation to which the householder is to be submitted and the compulsion to which he is to be subjected, he will no doubt be permitted to arrange his own "precautions scheme" for the household which it will be the duty of his family to carry out to the letter.

The Bill contemplates and intends that the civilian population shall be virtually conscripted and subjected to the rule of Air Wardens and others, carrying out the provisions of Home Secretary's Regulations and Approved Schemes. It is clear that the enforcement of precautions schemes may involve grave interferences with Civil Liberty—the right to enter and search premises, the right to remove or confiscate property, the right to interrogate, to give orders which demand obedience whether they be of a positive or negative nature. Even if the Bill could be regarded as a serious attempt at providing effective precautions, one could still criticise the fact that the Government envisages that the grave encroachments on liberty to which attention has been drawn may be made in peace time by Ministerial Orders against which there will be no recourse to the Courts.

Perhaps the most serious consideration of all is that even such precautionary measures as may be decided upon are not likely to be made effective by the measures of regimentation and unquestioning obedience which the Bill contemplates. It is only by the voluntary collaboration of the public and of the bodies such as Trades Councils upon which vast numbers are represented with the authorities that precautions schemes are likely to become effective; and this collaboration will not be forthcoming until the public is convinced, as to-day it is not, that a serious effort is being made to provide protection for them against air attack.

NEIL LAWSON

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